

HIGH TIMES

The background of the cover is a vibrant, abstract splash of yellow, red, and blue paint. In the center, a man (Acid Prince) and a woman (Mushroom Queen) are shown from the chest up. The man has long, wavy red hair and is wearing a gold and black patterned beanie. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a headband decorated with numerous small, colorful cards featuring cartoonish faces. She is also wearing multiple necklaces of different colors and a yellow beaded bracelet. A tattoo of a flower is visible on her left shoulder.

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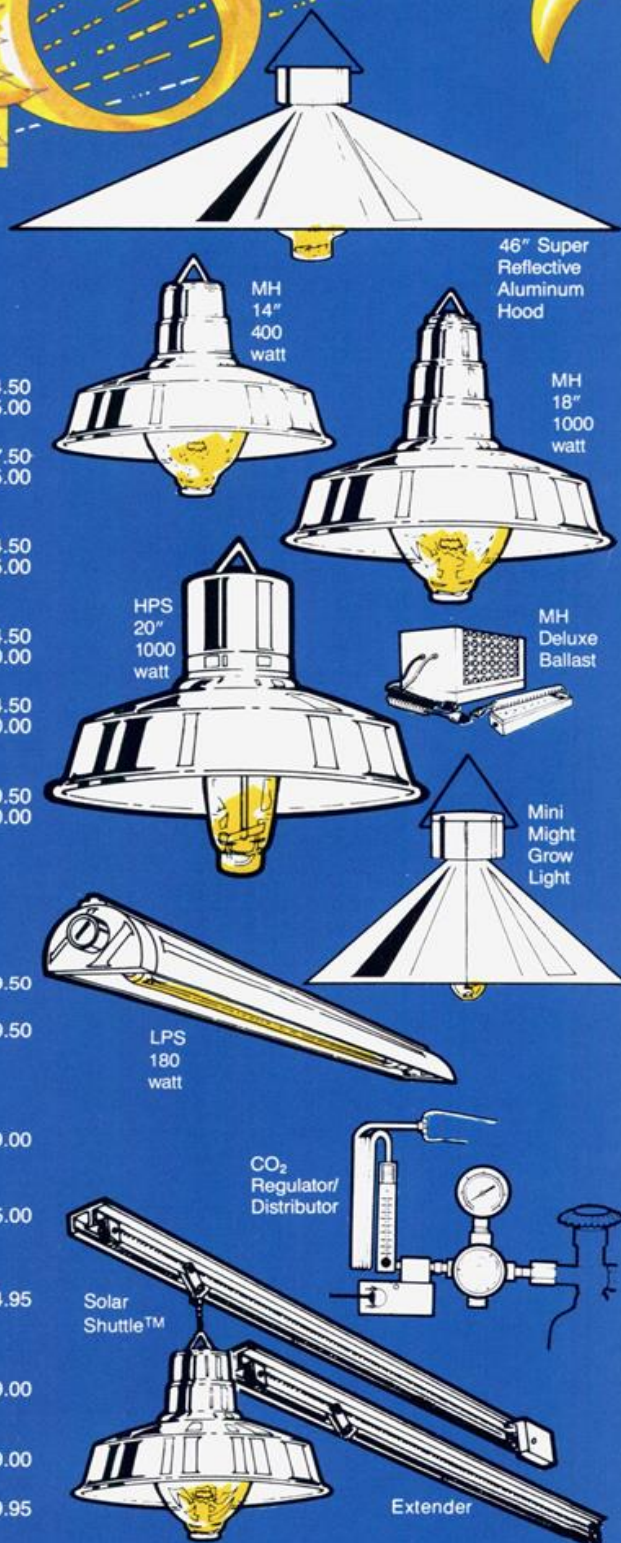
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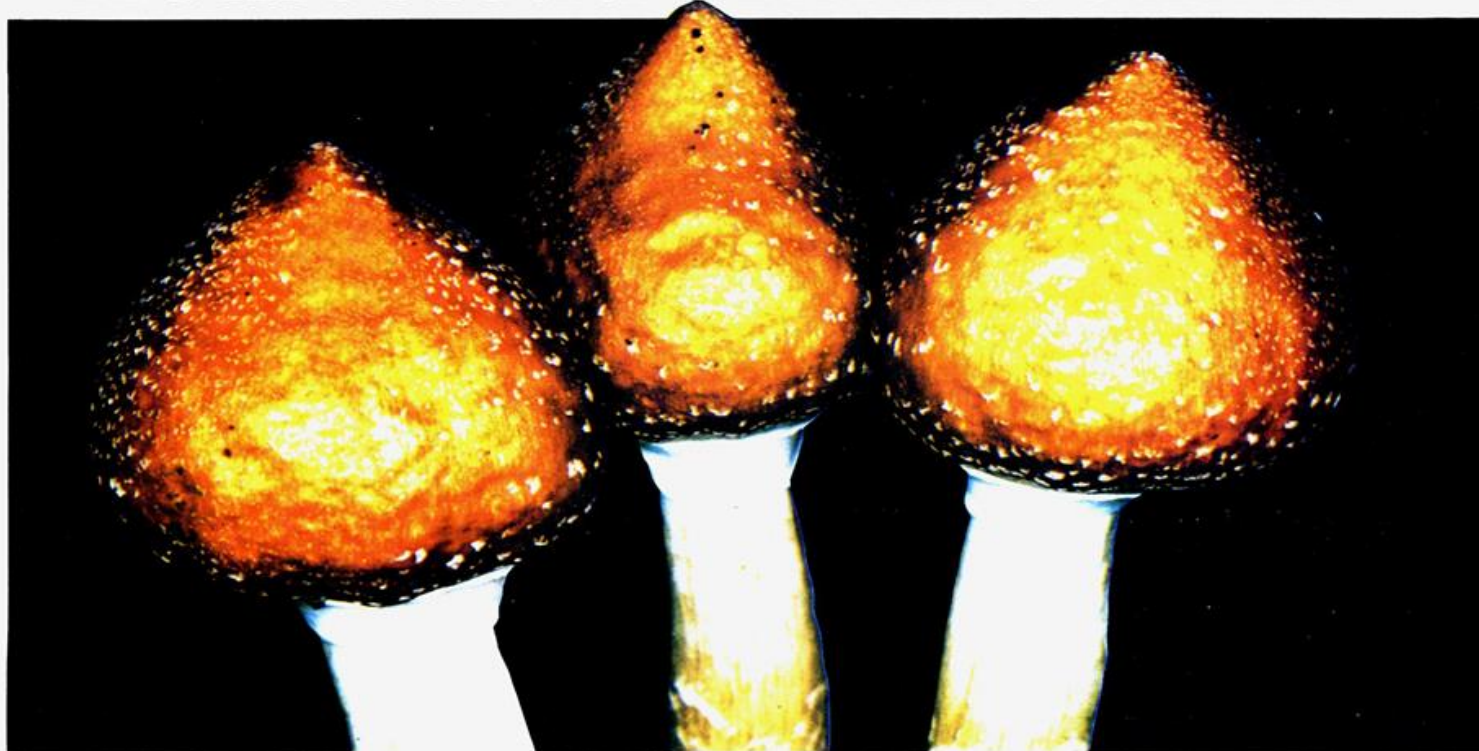
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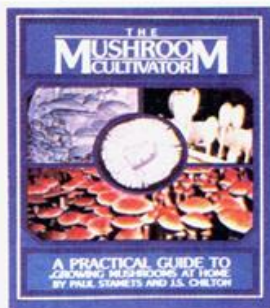
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● **ON THE COVER:** The acid prince meets the mushroom queen. For several months, **CARLO McCORMICK**, left, has been hosting acid and mushroom events in New York City's East Village. His latest venture, *The Love Club*, is a weekly psychedelic cabaret. McCormick is also a well-known art critic...and the curator of the art exhibition that starts on page 53. Some years back, **WENDY WILD**, right, began a performance at Club 57 by throwing magic mushrooms into the audience. For this act and others like it, she achieved the title of "Mushroom Queen." "I had to stop giving them out after the cops found out," complains Wendy, who appears in the article on page 32. Her most recent group, The Mad Violets, have just released an EP titled *The World of LSD*. ●

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ANDRE GROSSMAN

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HIGH TIMES



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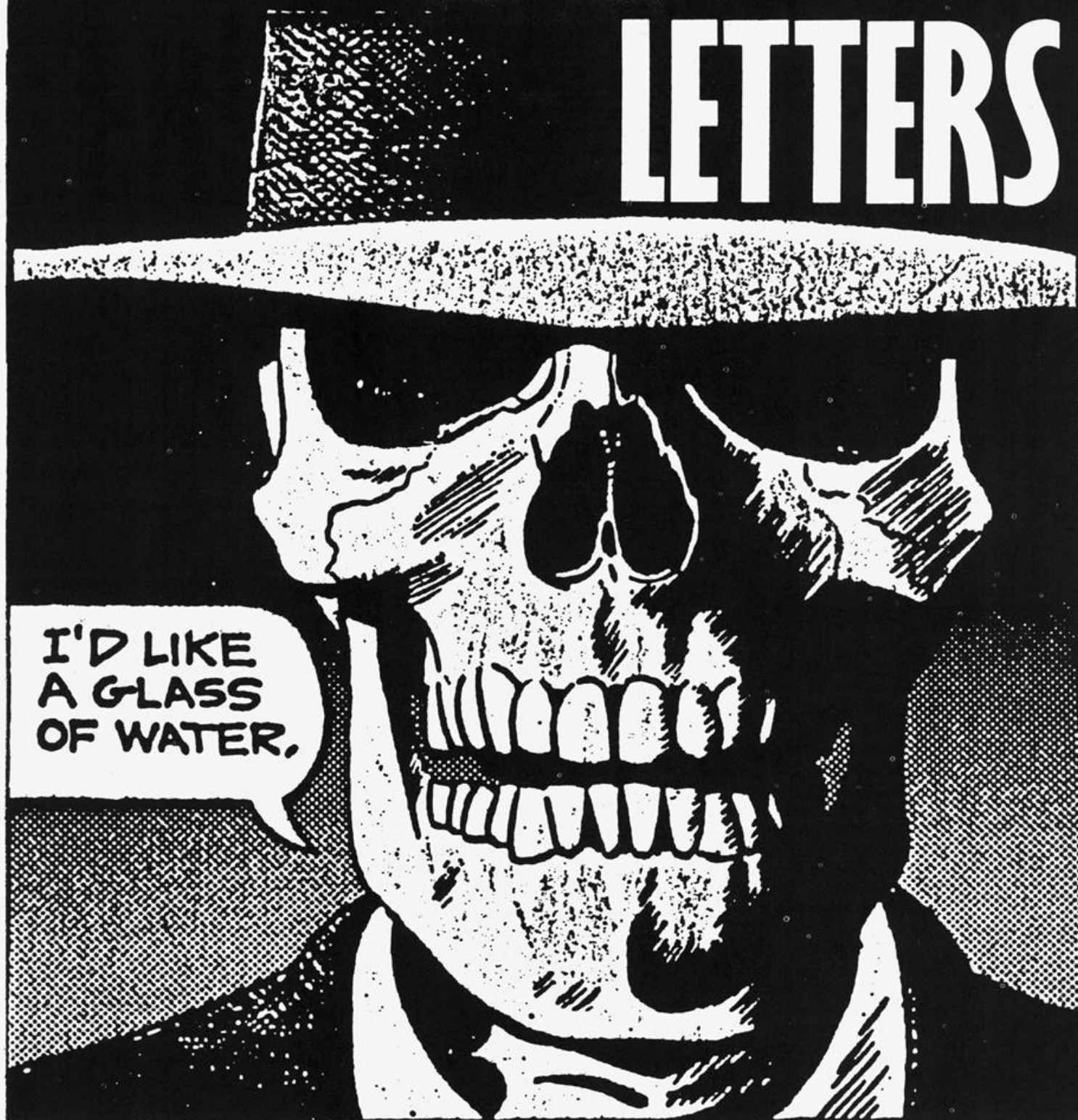
● In 1986, it's not always clear what a counterculture is, or can be. The '60s, by contrast, have now become "history" enough to stand out clearly as a truly revolutionary time in America, a decade when an entire generation stood up against a stagnant and sick status quo. Despite all the wishy-washy moaning today, it's impossible to ignore two facts: 1) real changes were made in the '60s, and 2) a new, younger generation has been inspired by the decade. ● In this issue, the spirit of the '60s lives on, but not as mere nostalgia. Far from wallowing in a haze of groovy memories of "the good old days" of the '60s, we are actively fighting back against a "straight" society that lurches closer toward self-destruction every day. As long as there are voices raised against the brain-dead powers which presume to run things in this country, HIGH TIMES will continue to print articles that inspire hope for positive change through chemical enlightenment. ● In other words, turn on and tune in to future developments at HIGH TIMES. ●

From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-chief

LETTERS



I'D LIKE
A GLASS
OF WATER.

LESS IS BETTER

In the name of moderation, I suggest we implement the concept of half hits. It would then be easier to monitor one's consumption more closely. During social smoking, one could request of the Bongmaster a half hit, thus allowing a smoker with low tolerance to preserve social decorum.

—Baltimore's Mr. Fish

Ed—On the other hand, you could dispense with your Bongmaster (what the hell is a Bongmaster, anyhow??) and handle the paraphernalia yourself, couldn't you?

WHO KILLED DOPE RIDER?

I just wanted to say that I think you keep getting better and better. I loved Dope Rider but I wonder why you made him a corpse? (Some people would find hidden meanings there.) Yours is the only magazine I read cover to cover.

—Hal D. McCombo
Birmingham, Alabama

Ed—Dope Rider is the creation of cartoonist Paul Kirchner. He isn't dead, he just hangs up his spurs from time to time. He last rode through here in May, and ought to be creaking back sometime soon.

continued over

LETTERS

AFTER ADAM

I live in Huntington Beach, California, and the local scene is mostly coke, but MDMA is becoming available now. Not many people seem interested, but a few are enjoying this delicacy. There is also a new psychedelic substance known as CB2 that is making its appearance. CB2 is like a soft mescaline trip and lasts about six hours. Instead of wiping you out, the drug puts you into atomic bliss, bringing body and mind together. It comes in 25 milligram doses in a clear gelatin capsule. We call it "Spectrum." I hope to see more of it.

—Expansion Man
Huntington Beach, California

Ed—Actually, the drug you call "CB2" was first designed by Dr. Alexander Shulgin, who named it "2CB." Its effects are virtually identical to those of MDA. It's getting increasingly difficult to keep track of all these street names. You may recall that MDA used to be called "Adam." However, after it became illegal, underground chemists began whipping up MDMA, which became known as "Ecstasy." MDMA went on the federal prohibition list last year, and chemists began fooling around with 2CB again, which they tentatively titled "Eve" (although it seems to have been renamed "Spectrum" in your neighborhood). According to rumors, yet another exotic cogener (structurally related drug) of MDA is coming on the market. It's called "Eden." What next? "Apple?" We can't wait to get a taste of "Snake."

AS YE SOW...

Great idea, Johnny Reeferseed! [See Letters, April '86] There are other good reasons for planting trash seeds. For example, not all the grass will be ditch weed. There may be a chance of a harvest. Also, if the DEA seizes more pot, then the stats on pot use will jump and pressure on legislators to legalize will increase. I work in a store that sells papers and I'm amazed at the number of older people (40 to 70) that buy rolling papers. Herb crosses all lines, race, religion, age, etc. It is a great equalizer.

—Sparky the Bong Brother
Fayetteville, North Carolina

...SO SHALL YE SMOKE

As a fellow grower, I would like to thank Johnny Reeferseed for his wonderful idea. I have already been spreading my collection of seeds and encouraging friends to do so. If a mere fraction of the potheads across the nation would join

us, marijuana could become a native herb! The DEA with all their choppers and spotters could not possibly control such a large scale attack. Hell, they can't even keep up with what's growing out there now!

—George Wallace
Birmingham, Alabama

Ed—Look, Governor, we're on to your tricks. We know your cops are harvesting that worthless ditch weed (and claiming it's worth millions on the illicit underground market). We also know the only reason you're promoting this idea is so you can get even more money from Congress for meaningless "eradication projects."

CORNY AS KANSAS

I'm writing in response to "What Sort of Dope are You?" (March '86). First off, my burnt-out buddies took your test and everyone tested in the "Down to Earthling" scores. I know this is a crock of shit because all of us are Brain Dead. We might be blown away on some kick-ass Colombian and not too smart, but we know how to count. Your test goes from 16 to 19. What happened to 17 and 18, asshole? We enjoyed your test very much and thought we had answers for the missing questions. Here's a sample: What do you do if you buy a quarter ounce of sinse and you're shorted a couple grams? A. Stick triple beams up your supplier's ass. B. Bitch and make him make it up to you on the next bag. C. Since it was good herb, say nothing. D. Figure out maybe that's all he's got.

—Coop from Mulberry, Kansas

Ed—Ah, of course, you must realize we intentionally skipped those numbers so people smart enough to notice would write in and comment on the "mistake," thereby automatically gaining the highest possible score. Rumors that this numbering lapse was actually caused by an art director overdosing on Angel Dust (a person who has since been demoted) are unworthy of refutation. Congratulations on your score.

SHORT AND SOUR

Cookie M. is full of shit! Her and her 666 theories are so far fetched it's stupid. Why must you print the opinions of this nut? Please substitute her boring, opinionated column with something interesting. I've never read anything in it I agree with. Cookie (fake name, no doubt) why don't you keep your comments about Reagan to yourself? And thanks for making the movie reviews shorter (boring). Peace.

—John Warren
Grandview, Texas

continued on page 14

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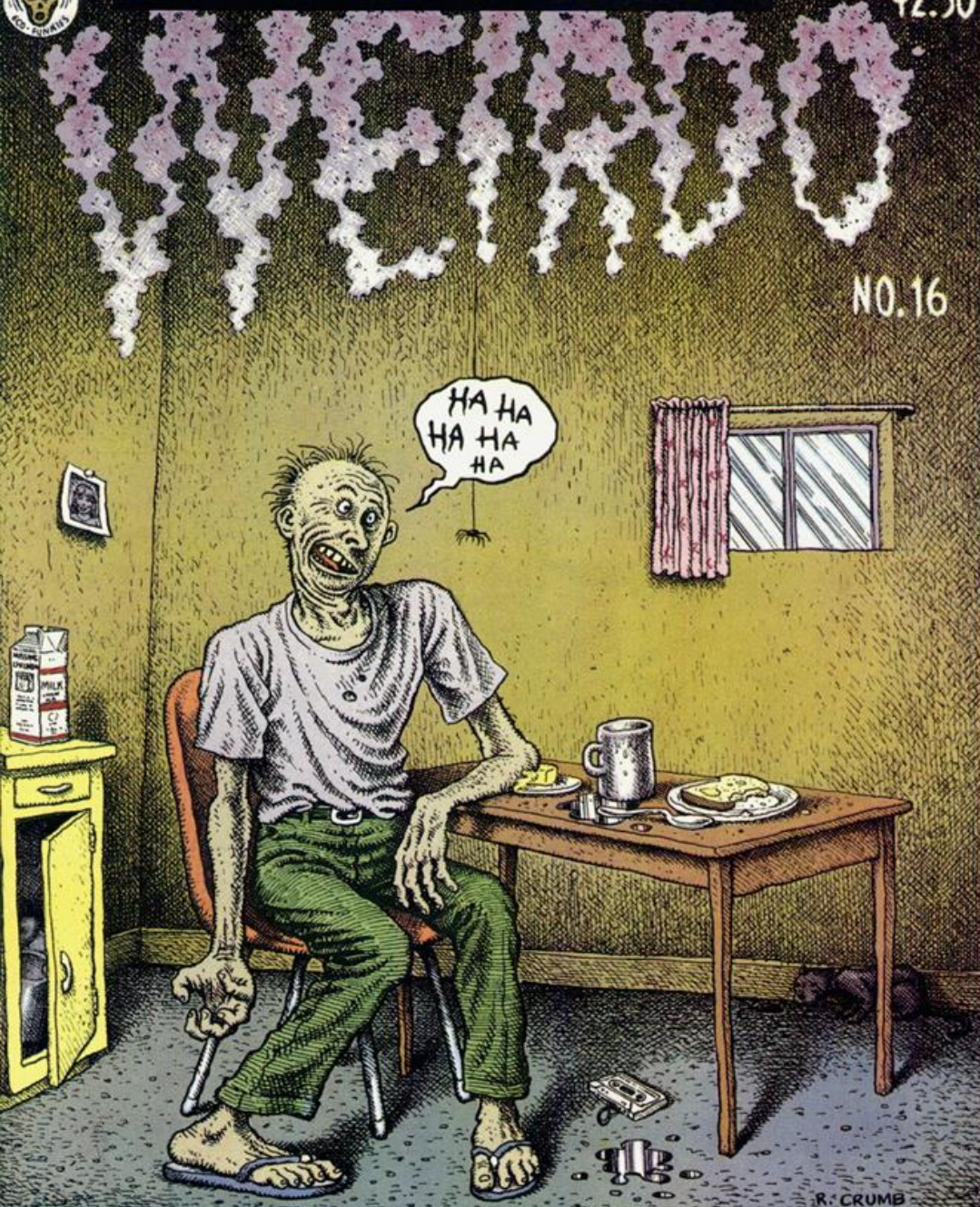
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MY AMERIKA BY ED HASSLE

● Not only am I madder than a speedfreak trapped in a traffic jam during rush hour, but I am resigning—effective immediately!

Over the years, I have suggested many worthwhile articles for *HIGH TIMES*. The only copy of my 56-page cover story on the Bangladesh guru Ramjam was “lost.” My expose on potsmoking aliens who have been raiding the fields of Humboldt County since last summer was ignored. The final straw came last month, after I proposed a special issue devoted entirely to the Grateful Dead. I never even received a reply.

To add insult to injury, the editors have seen fit to publish a story this month on a so-called psychedelic band known as The Fleshtones. Who ARE The Fleshtones? Have you ever even HEARD of this group!?!

I imagine these self-described musicians are part of the bogus yuppie movement called the *Paisley Underground*. Members of this clique are noted for sitting around for hours arguing over who first discovered The Chocolate Watchband. They are similar in many respects to Sha Na Na, although ten times as plastic.

Back in the days, when I first picked up a bass guitar and learned the riff to “Hey Joe,” I wasn’t thinking about any career bullshit like the bands today. I was just playing my music, man. And another thing—we had Vietnam to worry about back then. The only thing these guys worry about is knowing more nitpicking memorabilia than the next guy.

Let’s face it! There’s only one psychedelic band in America—THE GRATEFUL DEAD!! And until *HIGH TIMES* gives them the special issue they deserve, my byline will not appear in these pages.

I want to thank all my fans for their support and letters through the years.

Peace and farewell, **Ed**

● R. Crumb’s prediction that *WEIRDO* magazine would become a work of art is no longer in doubt. From sublime ugly art contests to installments on Crumb’s bizarre family life, *WEIRDO* just keeps getting progressively weirder. This highly recommended mag just about beats all. (Available through LAST GASP.) ●

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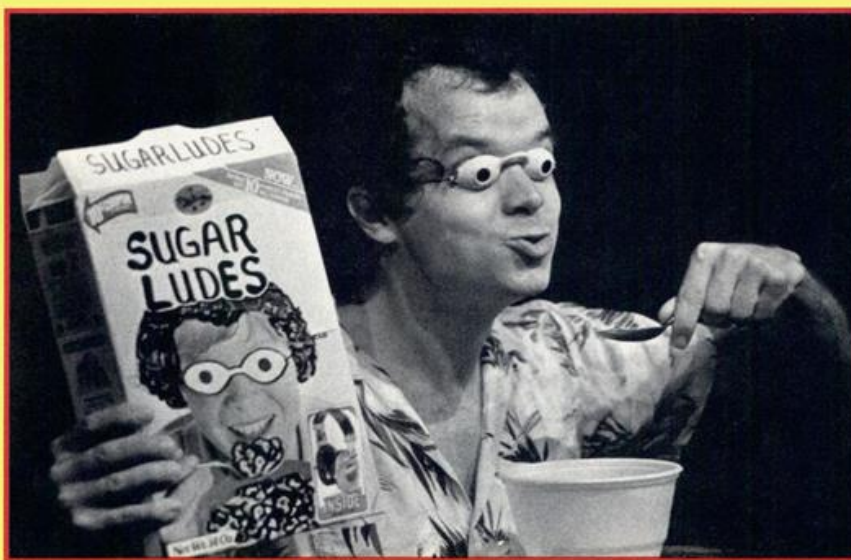
J. M. BASKETCASE PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE SLEAZAVITS © 1988 Hoses Dutch Hut Inc.



After spending a few weeks in Holland I decided to check out another European free zone I had heard about: Christiania, a section of Copenhagen, Denmark, which was liberated in the '70s. Christiania was originally an army barracks. When the army moved out, hippies occupied the still serviceable buildings. Today, the bohemian community is surrounded by middle-class residential housing but things change once you step through the entrance to the area. At the gates there are several tables set up selling "novelties" such as pipes and papers. Then you are greeted by barkers hawking their wares. The most popular item around is hashish: vendors claimed Lebanese, Moroccan, Pakistani, and Afghani pressed in Lebanon. There was virtually no grass available, just some Colombian, and few people seemed interested in sinsemilla. Further along the paved path, dealers occupied tables set into the ground at standing level. All the vendors charged the same prices (one of them told me that a common price was enforced by the group). Once I made friends with a dealer, the prices went down by 25-33%. The dealers were paranoid about having their photos taken since they claimed that the police periodically raided the area. Several of them have reportedly done time for smuggling, usually a "short" sentence of under 2½ years. Altogether, the scene inside was not what you would call joyous. People seemed intent on getting high, but they weren't too happy doing it. So it goes. ●

ED ROSENTHAL

COOL CHRISTIANIA



● Hi kids, this is Capt. Hook to tell you about the new breakfast cereal that's a fun-filled bowl of sugar-coated cubes. Go on, take a bite. Whooaaaa!! Listen... They even make your ears ring. A set of free stereo headphones comes in every box! (Courtesy Stevens and Grdnic.) ●

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3. ANYTHING FOR FREE!	13. GOOD LUCK 	23. (THIS SPACE FOR SALE)*	33. MILK SHAKES 
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6. RUSS MEYER MOVIES KITTEN NAVIDAD RULES, OK?	16. SURFIN' 	26. SQUALOR MOTEL	36. HOWARD STERN 
7. R. CRUMB 	17. CHEAP GAS	27. GO-GO BARS	37. OLD SNEAKERS 
8. THE RAUNCH HANDS	18. ROLLER COASTERS 	28. SILLY STRING 	38. GOING AWAY FOR VACATION
9. QUITTING YOUR JOB	19. Baseball Digest	29. MOUNTAIN DEW 	39. THE SUICIDE SQUEEZE 
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LETTERS

continued from page 8

RAISE THE DEAD

There has not been enough coverage anywhere on the Grateful Dead. At the end of their tour in 1985, the band celebrated their 20th anniversary. How many groups have been able to do this? Not many! I know there are many other Deadheads who read HIGH TIMES. Please write more on them.

—Bill Edwards

Glen Cove, Long Island

Ed—Apparently, Ed Hassle agrees. See Flashes, page 10.

FIE!

Some people in Mendocino have been killing animals (deer, rabbits) with poison because they have been eating plants. Please find some better way of protecting your harvest. The deer were here before you!

—Earth First

Roundup Mountain

ENCYCLOPEDIA DOPICANA

Someone once showed me a book titled "The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs." I've been buying your excellent magazine for over a year now, and I have never seen the book advertised. Is it still available?

—The Brain Cell Expander
Cleveland, Ohio

Ed—Nope, no luck. The Encyclopedia was a fabulously illustrated compendium of dope lore that weighed about three pounds. Published by Stonehill Press in New York, the book went out of print in 1980, at which time things were already so awful on the dope front that no company would risk a second edition, no matter how much money it might make. That sort of thing is just not done in these very moral times.

RISKY BUSINESS

I would like to take exception to the editor's answer to "At Risk" ("Letters," February '86). I have been a grower for four years and am incensed by the warrantless searches of my property. However, I feel it is irresponsible for the editors of HIGH TIMES to advocate stringing piano wire over pot fields as a deterrent to aerial searches. First, piano wire is shiny. On sunny days it will reflect. Why not just hang a sign: "Pot Plants Below?" Second, on cloudy days the wire would be invisible. A helicopter is a fragile vehicle. It is possible for the

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piano wire to upset the craft enough to bring it down, in which case the individual would be guilty of killing two to four law enforcement officers and destroying a million dollars worth of public property. Instead, please tell pot growers to spread their plants around and minimize the time they spend around the crop in daylight. If a crop is detected, they must accept the loss as part of the game. One downed helicopter could set us back 20 years.

—*The Side Hill Farmer*
Nashville, Tennessee

Ed—It's too bad this isn't television, or we could say "watch my lips" as we go over this again. Someone wrote us saying that strange helicopters outfitted with paraquat-spraying gear were flying at sub-treetop level around his house, obviously looking for pot. We simply observed that broadcast paraquat-spraying is illegal (it kills a whole lot of other stuff besides pot, including wild animals and children). We also observed it would be illegal if someone strung piano wire to trip up that helicopter. Wouldn't it be awful if someone accidentally brought down that paraquat-spraying pot seeker? Now, how you can construe this as advocating the use of piano wire is simply beyond our comprehension.



HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

I started from seed
Water was my only need,
With lots of time to work and toil
Upward through the stony soil
A struggling pain, an endless fight,
I struck a glimpse of sun's first light,
Pushing upward toward the sky
It felt so great to be high.
Like a king, I felt so regal,

But soon found out I was illegal.
My life was wasted, it went to pot,
They sprayed my leaves with Paraquat.
I wish I'd been a four leaf clover,
No such luck, my life is over.
—Dean Louis Del Sesto
Anaheim, California

continued on page 17

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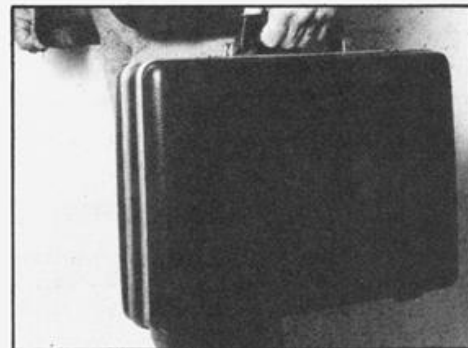
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Spokane, WA (pop. 171,300)

Pueblo, CO (pop. 101,686)

Redding, CA (pop. 41,995)

Salt Lake City, UT (pop. 163,033)

Casper, WY (pop. 51,106)

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In fact, almost 6,000,000 people have been arrested for possession of marijuana.

In 1984 alone, over 419,000 marijuana arrests were reported, one every minute and a half.

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LETTERS

continued from page 15

FUCK PEACE

I enjoy HIGH TIMES, but I loathe the naive "religion of disarmament" you promote. I know the majority of people are very sincere in their cause of world peace, but I thank God we are still free to read HIGH TIMES without the secret police sending us to Siberia. Our worst obstacles to freedom of personal drug use are the blackmarket millionaires who finance lobbies to keep pot illegal and the multinational drug cartels (DuPont, Lily, etc.).

—"Religious Zealot"
Chino, California

TOUGH CHOICE

Farout. Ed Hassle is a real hero to me and my fellow heads here in Peewaukee. But can you settle an argument between me and my pal Stoney? Who does he rate as his biggest influence on his philosophy, Guru Ramjam or Jerry Garcia?

—Perplexed in Peewaukee

Ed—Unfortunately, when asked to choose between his spiritual and musical gurus, Ed went into a mute psychic quandry.

NO HIP TIPS

Man, you guys really know how to hurt a guy. On the last page of the March issue you promised "more hip tips on growing in the great indoors." So, little me can hardly wait to get his grubby mitts on the April issue. But when I do, ooww!, no hip tips. After the very general info Jorge gave us in March, I figured he would lay down some heavy-duty, important facts in April. I can think of at least a dozen IMPORTANT hip tips to help someone new to the indoor setup. Instead, we get referred to a "high-tech" garden store. Hell, about 75% of the indoor growers don't even have access to high-tech garden stores! Don't get me wrong, guys. I enjoy HIGH TIMES. But seriously, I do hope Jorge (or somebody) fulfills these promises.

—Mikkeen

Coos Bay, Oregon

Ed—Man, you really know how to put it on us! Due to production problems, Jorge Cervantes' "The Great Indoors" series, which began in March, didn't get together for the April issue. But it continued in May, and has appeared in every issue since. By the way, send us your dozen tips c/o Letters, HIGH TIMES, 211E. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Also, keep an eye out for our special section on indoor growing which appears next month. ●

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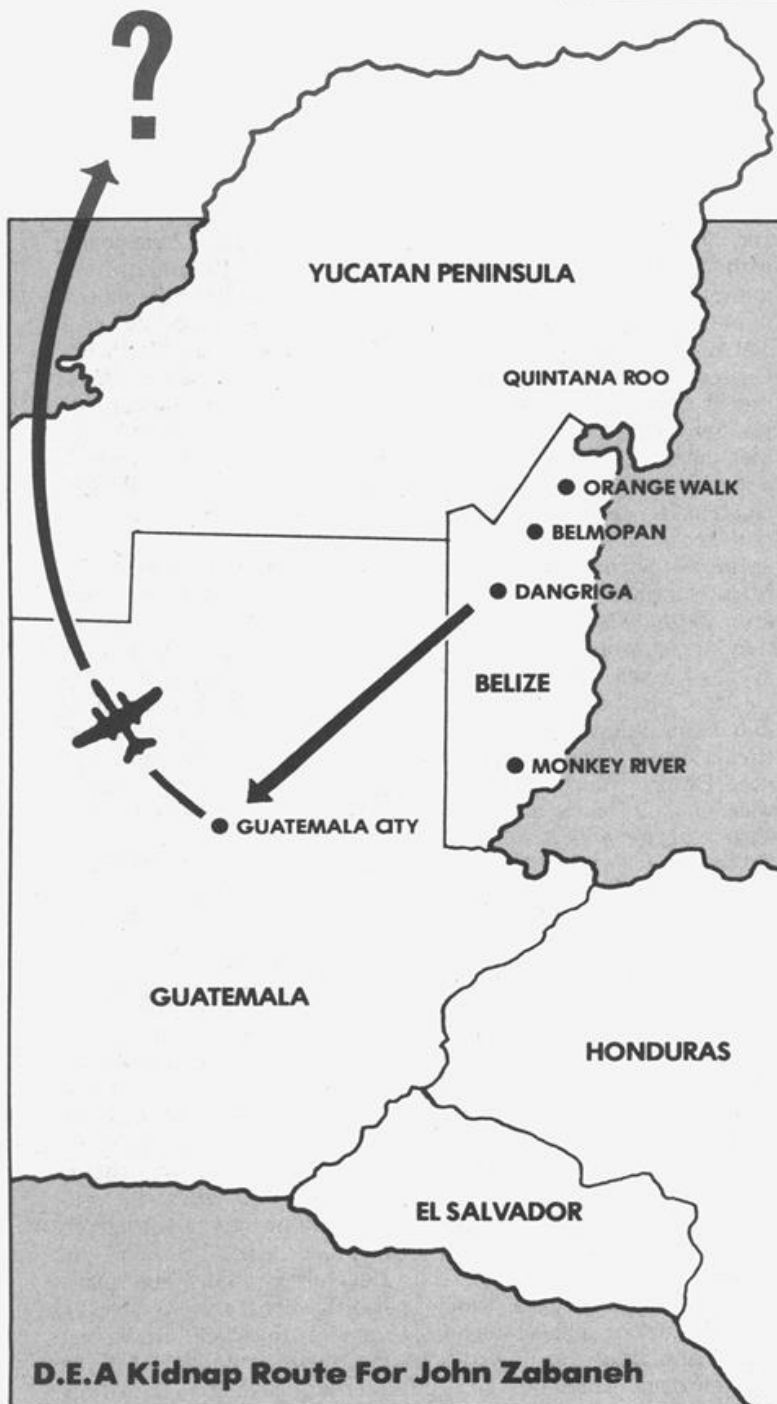


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE GROSSMAN

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

AUGUST '86

NO. 132



THE INVASION OF BELIZE BY DEA BODY SNATCHERS

by Dean Latimer

HOUSTON, TEXAS

The euphemism for kidnapping, in international law-enforcement language, is "irregular rendition." As one international law expert explains it, "If you're an American cop, and want to arrest a foreign national who lives abroad, customarily you first try to have him extradited by his government. If that doesn't work, then you try to get his country to expel him to some American territory, where you can arrest him. And if that doesn't work, you resort to irregular rendition: just go ahead and kidnap the guy, and drag him back to the States in handcuffs. There's a whole body of case United States law on it since the 1900s, the *Kerr-Frisbee* precedents."

The latest body to be added to the international *Kerr-Frisbee* pile belongs to Angel John Zabaneh, businessman of Belize, who was kidnapped last November by agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration and dragged to the United States in handcuffs. The caper would most certainly have sparked a ferocious international incident if Zabaneh had been charged

with any routinely criminal or political offense, such as homicide or gunrunning; but since he was merely being charged by the DEA with allegedly loading a ton and a half of pot onto an airplane in Belize in 1981, no one outside of tiny Belize ever heard of this latest DEA body-snatching.

Family Under Fire

The extensive Zabaneh family of Dangriga in Belize operates Mayan King, Ltd., a company that merchandises bananas, citrus fruits and cattle. While hardly ultra-prosperous by American standards, Mayan King's operations do frequently involve the transfer of fairly substantial cash sums from one place to another. Thus it happened, in the spring of 1985, that John Zabaneh's sister-in-law, Rosella Farjado, happened to be in a U.S. Customs zone in New Orleans with \$70,000 in cash. Farjado's problem was that she hadn't filled out all the proper paperwork on all this cash, so she wound up being charged with federal U.S. currency violations. This appears to have brought her name to the attention of the DEA, because while she was still in detention in

continued over

New Orleans on currency charges, she *also* went under indictment for allegedly laundering marijuana money.

And as Rosella Farjado sat in jail in New Orleans, awaiting her eternally-delayed trial for ten months, strange people commenced visiting rustic little Dangriga in beautiful Belize. As John Zabaneh's brother Mike, Rosella's husband, described it to the *Belize Times*—well before the DEA kidnapped his older brother—at one point last fall a whole family of self-styled dope dealers descended on the Zabanehs, demanding to either buy or sell pot, they didn't much care which. At least they acted like dope dealers, this "Pedro," "Reuben," and "Ruth Santana," although the Zabanehs tagged them for typical DEA confidential-informant scum. Mike Zabaneh told the *Times* how these people came to Dangriga "loaded with a suitcase full of dollars, wanting to buy marijuana. I reported this to Inspector Zetina in charge of the police in Stann Creek. Nothing was done, and these people were allowed to leave the country scot-free, while my wife is languishing in a U.S. jail."

Coping with DEA confidential-informant scum has become a fairly common annoyance in tiny Belize over the last few seasons. In 1985, the DEA scored a major public-relations coup by luring the erstwhile Minister of Communications in the Belizean cabinet, Elijio Briceno, to Miami with a suitcase full of the DEA's own money which one of their informant scum had told Briceno was really *marijuana* money. Ever since Briceno's subsequent "conspiracy" conviction in the U.S.A., the DEA field office in charge of Belize—operating out of Guatemala City—has been striving mightily to recapture the limelight by enticing other prominent Belizeans into thinking about committing dope crimes with DEA snitches.

"The Drug Enforcement Administration," Mike Zabaneh told the *Belize Times* in early November 1985, "has been operating in Belize, using all kinds of underhanded and illegal methods to entrap me

H I G H W I T N E S S
N E W S

and my family." Among the DEA snitch-scum that had been planted in Dangriga, he charged, was "a U.S. convict, one Turberville, alias Villaseñor, [in] Belize posing as a drug merchant." Actually, this Turberville/Villaseñor may have *not* really been targeting the Zabanehs, exclusively, for his rope-a-dope operations. In early 1986, Villaseñor—whose name was indeed formerly Turberville, and who currently lives in Mexico—wound up as the star witness in a Texas *fume* trial involving numerous Belizean and American defendants who had never done any sort of business with Mayan King or the Zabanehs.

So even though a few prescient people like the Zabanehs may not fall easily into the DEA's overseas entrapment operations, there are always plenty of people, everywhere, stupid and greedy enough to get themselves arrested for entertaining imaginary dope conspiracies. The DEA's Guatemala-based narcs and snitches, under the careful direction of regional Agent-In-Charge Russell Reina (who personally carried out the undercover spook-work against Minister Briceno in 1985), have the good judgement to consider national party politics in their unending rope-a-dope capers. Just as they were careful, in snaring Briceno, to involve a member of the *outgoing* national government in their imaginary dope conspiracy, so also they tend to exclusively target members of the political opposition, and *not* the party currently in power in Belize City, for their narco enticements.

The Zabanehs of Dangriga are not passionately aligned to any political faction in Belize. Therefore when Mike's indignant charges made the *Times* early last year, they elicited little public national comment, one way or the other. Across the border in Guatemala, it was obvious to Russ Reina, the DEA's A-I-C, that here was a fabulous opportunity to play around with this exciting legal concept, "irregular rendition." Why not a nice tidy kidnapping?

"YOU ALL SOLD YOUR FLAG"

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The "Mansfield Amendment," 1976

On the evening of 10 November 1985, John Zabaneh and his brother David, along with a Mayan King associate named Henry Matthews, deplaned from a Belizean TACA commuter plane at the Guatemala City airport, where they'd flown from Belize City via San Salvador. The three men, intending to buy fertilizer and farm equipment in Guatemala, cleared immigration and had their passports stamped without incident. Midway through the passenger area to the street, however, they were stopped by DEA agents Russell Reina and Jose Castillo. Reina, whom the Zabanehs knew from sight (Reina owns a vacation home near Orange Walk in Belize), was holding forth a plastic ziplock baggie with a substantial amount of white powder in it. "Look what we found in your luggage," he was grinning.

The trouble was, neither the Zabanehs nor Matthews had brought any luggage at all aboard the TACA plane, as they advised the DEA spooks immediately. So Reina had to pocket his drop-stash before summoning a brace of beefy Guatemalan plainclothes cops to conduct these three people to the DEA strip shed in the airport.

There the Belizeans were stripped naked and searched with nauseating zeal by the Guatemalans while the DEA

agents peppered them with rapid-fire questions about their business, their past, their plans, their friends and relations and acquaintances. David Zabaneh, at one point, demanded that since he was being arrested, he wanted to see a lawyer. Retorted Agent-In-Charge Reina (who in fact had been careful *not* to officially arrest anyone): "You have no such rights. You all sold out your flag. We are now the boss in Belize," (according to David).

When it became clear that there were no narcotics on anyone—outside of Russ Reina's pocket, at least—the three men were allowed to get dressed again. Then they were handcuffed, and left by the DEA agents to lie on the concrete floor of the strip shed all night long, under surveillance of the Guatemalan meatballs. The next day, bright and early, Reina and Castillo reappeared in the shed: "Keep these two guys here all day," Reina told the meatballs, indicating David Zabaneh and Henry Matthews, "and send them back to Belize tonight." And so John Zabaneh was led out of the shed by the DEA spooks, with no one in the world, besides the DEA, knowing where he was headed.

As it turned out, Agent Castillo flew Zabaneh from Guatemala City to Houston, Texas. There, when they deplaned, another DEA agent named Rickenbacker met them at the airport, and formally advised Zabaneh that he was under arrest, and read him his rights under United States law. Finally, after nearly 48 hours of "irregular rendition," Zabaneh was at least able to get on the phone to a lawyer.

Shopping For Prosecutors

Eventually, with the help of Houston attorney John Ackerman—formerly Dean of the National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers—Zabaneh learned that he was being charged by the DEA with loading 1600 pounds of pot into an airplane in Belize in December, 1981. The plane had flown back to its strip of origin in Rockwell, Texas, but fog there had compelled an alternate landing at the Gregg

County airport in Longview. While the dope was en route from Belize, according to the indictment, Zabaneh had allegedly placed a long distance call to the load's investors in Dallas, assuring them that all systems were go. This was not true, as it turned out, because the DEA was already watching every move those Dallas people made, and they were all taken down by the feds very shortly after the landing.

So now it was November 1985, quite close to the five-year limit to the statutes of limitations on that pot haul, and the U.S. feds were so anxious to get their hands on Zabaneh that they'd kidnapped him, plain and simple. They clearly had high hopes of tangling him in the dope charges involving his sister-in-law, Rosella Farjado, still languishing then in pretrial detention in New Orleans; and so they formally indicated Zabaneh in the Southern District of Louisiana, and scheduled his trial to closely follow Farjado's.

As it turned out, however, the DEA's crack investigators never were able to convince the court—not even courts in Louisiana—that \$70,000 of Rosella Farjado's had ever been in any way connected to narcotics. Attorney Ackerman, who was also representing Farjado, settled for a petty currency-paperwork conviction, and the pot-conspiracy charges were vacated. Directly after that, the prosecutors for Louisiana's southern federal

district began moving to drop the charges against Zabaneh as well.

Which put the DEA in a bit of a spot, publicity-wise. Although no one in Belize had gotten terribly emotional about Mike Zabaneh's stories of being harassed by the DEA's bottom-drawer dope snitches, this physical kidnapping of a Belizean citizen by full-fledged agents of an American regulatory agency had inflamed a lot of people there. John's mother, speaking to Belizean Foreign Minister Dean Lindo, had called it a "terrorist action" akin to the Palestinian hostage-takings in Beirut. Former attorney general Said Musa had publicly blistered the current government for declining to officially protest the kidnapping to the United States. Even the editors of the *Belize Times*, ordinarily the most reactionary organ of Belizean public opinion, were outraged: "The Constitution of Belize guarantees to all Belizeans life, liberty, security of the person and the protection of law and due process. That Constitution is being ripped asunder by institutional gangsters such as Russel Reina and other paid agents of a foreign power."

Having taken and poisoned U.S.-Belizean relations in this exceedingly dramatic way, the U.S. DEA would have looked pretty bush league if their Belizean hostage were so quickly released for simple

just before the Louisiana prosecutors were about to let him go home, John Zabaneh was re-indicted by the prosecutors of the Southern District of Mississippi; and when they then promptly proceeded to lose interest in the case, he was re-re-indicted by the Northern District of Texas.

As this issue of *HIGH TIMES* goes to press, Zabaneh's trial in the federal district court in Dallas has been tentatively scheduled for some time in early summer this year. However, the United States Justice Department is very likely to keep postponing the trial for as long as they possibly can do so, largely because of the unlikelihood that they'll ever win a conviction on the charges as put forth in the indictment. According to sources close to the case, the prime witness (and possibly the *only* witness) for the prosecution will be a Belizean national named Fred Tonjes, who was literally chased out of the country a couple years ago by the Belizean police. "It seems his dope dealing was so flagrant," recalls one legal advisor to the Belizean government, "the local constables just couldn't stomach it any more, and went after him. He slipped across the Mexican border just one step ahead of them, though, and promptly set up business as usual in Quintana Roo. And now, somehow or other, he's in

the business of giving prosecution testimony for the DEA." There are also rumors that the legendary confidential informant Tuberville, alias Villaseñor, might appear in the dock to read his own script against Zabaneh. "But that's not likely," says attorney Ackerman. "He'd be too easy to impeach."

Appropriately enough, the United States Senate's Foreign Relations Committee recently held formal hearings to deliberate the legal issue of "irregular rendition." Certain impetuous legislators had emotionally raised the proposition that since terrorists in the Middle East are using kidnapping and hostage-holding as quasi-political tactics, then American security agencies like the CIA should begin systematically kidnapping top terror ring-leaders like Abu Nidal and George Habash. At the hearings, the senators were coolly advised by security analysts that this remedy would assuredly be worse than the ailment, because it would render routine political kidnapping, once and forever, as a universal technique in political disputes everywhere in the world.

And besides, they might have added, these career political terrorists tend to be heavily armed and to shoot at people who try to molest them. It's much safer, easier, and more productive of good publicity to abduct ordinary people like the Zabanehs of Belize. ●

REAGANOPOLIS

MATTHEW FINCH

If Americans read newspapers as Russians do.



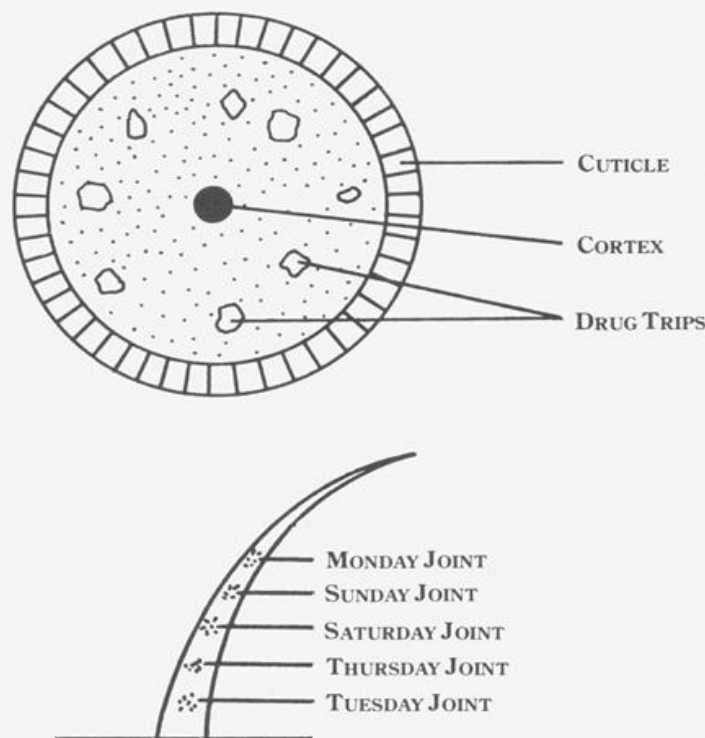
If Russians watched television as Americans do.



HAIR TO SUPPLANT URINE AS DRUG- TESTING TARGET

Americans, having evidently gotten accustomed to the fact that they no longer have any rights to privacy in their personal excrement, will probably not put up any fuss at all over the latest innovation in wholesale drug testing: namely, a new procedure, designed for use by employers on employees and job applicants, which analyzes people's body hair to determine exactly *when* a person may have taken certain drugs and *how much* of them at anytime over periods of years in the past. At least the promoters of the new body-hair test, two eminent Los Angeles scientists, have encountered no recorded opposition (or even skepticism) to their proposed new drug assay, which has been written up in places as diverse as *NEWSWEEK* and *THE U.S. JOURNAL OF DRUG AND ALCOHOL DEPENDENCE*. Writeups on their new drug testing paraphernalia have, so far, uniformly praised body-hair testing as less invasive, somehow, than urine testing, and more accurate—whatever that may mean, exactly.

Dr. Ronald Siegel of UCLA's bio-behavioral department, along with Dr. Werner Baumgartner of the Wadsworth Veteran's Administration nuclear-medicine laboratory, claim that their new hair-testing procedure "provides an historic perspective on an individual's drug use." When a person ingests a drug, traces of the unchanged drug and its end-product metabolites are routinely conveyed to hair follicles all about the body, and lodge in the inner layer, or cortex, of each hair growing through the follicles. Each time an individual takes a drug, traces of it are deposited in that person's hair; and thus it ought to be possible by testing body hair, Siegel and Baumgartner assert, to determine 1) at what point in the past a person has taken a particular drug, and 2) with what regularity that person may take that drug, and even 3) what dose of drug the person customarily does. Indeed, Siegel guaranteed *U.S. JOURNAL* writer Susan Thanepohn



CROSS-SECTION OF DRUG TRIPS IN HAIR

that his new test "acts virtually like a tape recorder by providing a record of past exposures to a particular chemical substance."

Persons who may feel a little uncomfortable about employers and such using personal body hair to provide "tape-recorder" evidence about their private behavior may very well—it has been suggested—try to get around it by adopting the fashionable British "skinhead" look, maintaining a clean-shaven scalp at all times. Such craven evasion would get them nowhere, though, Siegel has suggested; a typical *pubic* hair, which grows much more slowly than scalp hair, would always be able to provide evidence about a person's drug-

taking proclivities for at least three to four years in the past. And even if a person were to scrupulously shave *all* of his or her body hair every day—scalp hair, pubic hair, armpits and legs and anus—other experts point out that *fingernails* are really only a modified form of hair, and ought to be readily susceptible to testing for drug traces in the same way.

As Siegel rejoiced in the *U.S. JOURNAL*, hair drug-testing might well turn out to be absolutely unbeatable, giving it infinite advantages over old-fashioned urine testing: "Flushing doesn't work, substitution doesn't work, and just temporarily ceasing to use drugs before a pre-employ-

ment physical doesn't work. And we can always come back and get a repeat hair sample in case somebody claims his sample was mixed up."

Ambitious tech-talk of this sort is guaranteed to have legions of employers flocking to Siegel and Baumgartner to hear about the full glories of hair-testing, especially now that standard urine-testing assays have been shown to be woefully unreliable, creating major lawsuit problems for scores of employers who have used them on staff and jobseekers. Siegel and Baumgartner—as might be expected—are claiming that their brand-new hair-test method is utterly free of all the glitches and screwups that plague urine testing. It utilizes an ultra-sensitive radioimmunoassay process, as they have described it to reporters, which analyzes strictly the inner cortex of hairs, so that potential "interfering substances" clinging to the scaly outer cuticle surface of the hairs will be eliminated.

Since Siegel refused to discuss his new hair test with *HIGH TIMES*, it would be irresponsible for us to flatly deny that he and Baumgartner may have somehow come up with some revolutionary new improvement on radioimmunoassay (RIA) drug testing that would render their gimmick any more reliable than the glitch-plagued RIA urine-test procedures. However, by the same token—since Siegel flatly refused even to take *questions* from *HIGH TIMES* about his new test—it would also be impossible for us to rule out the possibility that he and Baumgartner have merely adapted some standard, glitch-plagued RIA urine-test apparatus to go looking through hair for tell-tale dope traces.

The suspicion that this may be so is not ungrounded. In the January 1988 issue of *Analytical Chemistry*, Dr. Baumgartner published a detailed account of how the nuclear-medicine researchers at Wadsworth had detected traces of certain drugs—morphine and PCP, namely—in methanol extracts of dried, crushed human hair. Although they used mere ordinary "commercial RIA

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by Mark Swain
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Marijuana has been legal in the Netherlands for exactly ten years now. Within a couple of years after the Netherlands drug laws were changed to permit unrestricted trading of pot everywhere in the country, it naturally came to be sold in youth centers and underage juice bars everywhere. As a result, kids in Holland became tremendously bored with the stuff, and the incidence of youth doping—involving not just marijuana, but other drugs as well—began dropping, and has been dropping ever since.

Unaware of all this, the governments of Norway and West Germany last year demanded in the United Nations that the Netherlands government "explain" its policy of legalizing marijuana. Youth doping has been on the rise in both nations, where pot is as illegal as in the United States, and so officials there are under continuous pressure to escalate penalties for drug possession and trafficking. To take some of the heat off themselves, therefore, Norwegian and West German narcotics officials indignantly demanded an accounting of the state of youth doping in Holland, where the stuff is flagrantly legal, cheap, and available.

In response, the Netherlands Ministry of Welfare, Health and Cultural Affairs commissioned the Foundation for the Scientific Study of Alcohol and Drug Use to undertake a survey of trends in adolescent drug use there since 1976, when marijuana was legalized. After interviewing 1,300 people aged 15 to 24, and comparing the responses to polls taken in 1976 and since then, the researchers discovered that nowadays, hardly any Dutch youths even bother to try pot, and that the incidence of regular potsmoking in this age group is now virtually nonexistent.

Specifically, using the city of Utrecht as an example, in 1976, 10 percent of youths aged 17 and 18 had at least tried marijuana once; by 1986, that figure had dropped to six percent—even while the

H I G H W I T N E S S
N E W S

KIDS IN HOLLAND SPURN LEGAL POT



● Typical drug-free Dutch youth.

Utrecht coffeehouses grew famous around the world for offering the best and cheapest pot anywhere. Nationwide in 1986, 12 percent of people aged 15 to 24 have tried marijuana at least once; five percent say they currently smoke pot as often as once a month, and 1.6 percent say they do it at least once every three days.

As NORML here in Washington D.C. points out, the contrast between youth-doping figures in Holland and the United States is nothing less than grotesque. In the U.S.A., 54 percent of all teenagers have

tried pot by the age of 18, according to the ironclad statistics of the University of Michigan's famous "Monitoring the Future" program, which conducts annual drug-preference polls among American high school kids. Over one in four American high school seniors—25.9 percent, exactly—do pot at least once a month, and five percent do it oftener than once every three days, to qualify as "daily" marijuana users.

Incredibly, these figures on kiddie doping in America are incessantly cited by the

National Institute on Drug Abuse as a success story. All these statistics were much higher when the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor researchers began its annual youth-doping surveys ten years ago. (Well over a third of all high school seniors were monthly, "current" pot-smokers in 1979.) The conspicuous drop in American youth doping in the '80s has been attributed by the Ann Arbor researchers to a ferocious tightening of penalties for teenagers caught with pot, and to what's called "education and prevention" programs in the schools—an incessant barrage of pseudoscientific "reefer madness" propaganda charging pot with causing sexual impotence, birth defects, "amotivational syndrome," lung cancer and miscellaneous other lurid horrors which no one ever sees in real life. As a direct result, very likely, the 1986 Monitoring the Future statistics revealed, for the first time in seven years, a rise in the incidence of monthly, "current" potsmoking among teenagers: from 25.2 percent to 25.7 percent.

NORML, after comparing the Dutch and Ann Arbor youth-doping statistics, made the obvious conclusion: "These studies raise serious questions about the assumption that the marijuana laws protect our youth. The reality is that marijuana prohibition may hurt our children by glamorizing a forbidden fruit, encouraging sale in the schools, blocking communication in the family, and making information about marijuana seem like war propaganda."

These things are ordered better by the Dutch, or so their phenomenally low statistics on national youth doping would seem to suggest. When a *Wall Street Journal* reporter visited the Netherlands last year and remarked on the conspicuous scarcity of young Dutch people around the most flamboyant cannabis-trading centers of Amsterdam, a minister of the Netherlands health services explained that the government's intention in legalizing pot had been precisely to render it so com-

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HOLLAND

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monplace and noncontroversial in Dutch society that it would be of no interest to young people seeking forbidden thrills and racy action.

A recent visitor to Holland, Jim Hall of the respected Up Front drug-advice service in Miami, conducted a methodical survey of the youth scene in Amsterdam and elsewhere while attending an international drug therapy conference there. Hall says he did see some Dutch teenagers involving themselves in cannabis activity, although the patronage at the most notorious Amsterdam coffeehouses consisted predominantly of adult tourists from America, West Germany, Britain and Scandinavia. The Dutch youngsters on the scene appeared to be there not to enjoy the dope, primarily, but to participate in the lively counter-culture political activity which characterizes coffeehouses like the famous Bulldog Cafe, with its neo-Haight-Ashbury flavor. "There's still a political aura associated with its use by Dutch young people, as though they were still living in the 1960s," Hall says.

Hall points out, however, that the cosmopolitan Amsterdam milieu is not at all typical of the Netherlands as a whole, where use of drugs by adolescents appears to be virtually nonexistent. Most of Holland is uncompromisingly Dutch, straitlaced and bourgeois to the point of insufferability. Although their decision to legalize cannabis in the '70s appears to be "ultra-tolerant" to outsiders, in reality it genuinely was a coolly-calculated move to defuse the potent social and political polarization which is generated anywhere pot is made illegal by statute; but the vast majority of Dutch citizens in no way condone drug use at all. "Toleration does not mean approval," points out Jim Hall. "The Dutch experience with cannabis legalization simply shows how cultural and social factors are a much greater influence in controlling drug use than legal

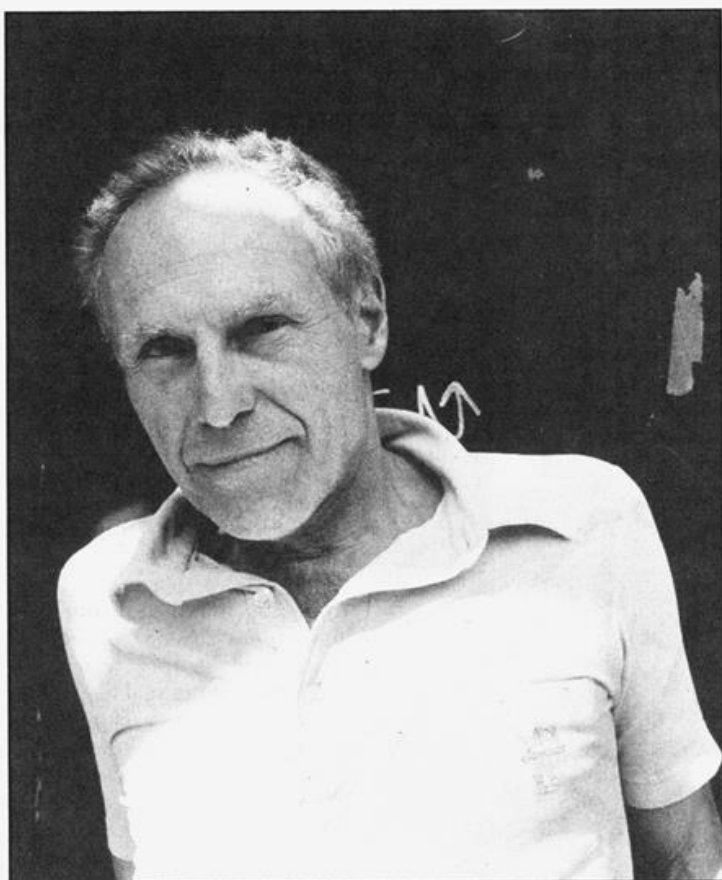
sanctions. Their open approach to cannabis obviously generates much less deviance than absolute prohibition elsewhere."

By keeping marijuana illegal and stigmatizing its youthful smokers as natural-born lifelong miscreants and criminal sociopaths, the American law-enforcement system effectively provides troubled adolescents with a perfect symbol of anti-authoritarian sentiment through which to work out their fantasies of outlawry and rebellion. "Marijuana is glamorized as a forbidden fruit," observes NORML, "which is an attraction to young people going through rebellious teenage years." And by stigmatizing and punishing young people caught with marijuana, adult morality monitors send an unmistakable message to all youngsters who might think about expressing rebellious attitudes, from time to time, by smoking pot or committing any other anti-authoritarian gesture.

Many parents who have teenaged children have reservations about the idea of their kids being arrested, consigned to "drug therapy," or otherwise branded for life as natural-born drug addicts, simply because they elected to act out phases of adolescent rebellion by smoking some pot. A change in the laws which would render marijuana as "boring" to American youth as it is to Dutch kids, NORML concludes, would be decidedly beneficial to all concerned: "Elimination of the criminal laws would encourage communication within the family and restore the family as the front line of defense against drug abuse, rather than relying on 'Big Parent' government," charges NORML.

A spokesperson for the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth told HIGH TIMES that Director Mrs. Joyce Nalepka—who has volubly lobbied Congress over the last several years for a drastic tightening of all laws pertaining to marijuana—might, or might not, be prepared to comment on this Dutch youth-doping survey. Evidently she was not prepared as this issue, weeks later, went to press. ●

ANDERS GOLDFARB



"Street of Shame" Trash Czar Mugs Maverick Grove Press

by Stephen Crane

NEW YORK CITY

When Barney Rossett founded Grove Press in New York City in 1951 to specialize in the publishing of political dissent, avant-garde arts and letters, and outright pornography, he launched the most vigorous tradition in countercultural publishing—and did it right in the teeth of the great McCarthy Red Scare—that American society has ever tolerated, however reluctantly. Imagine Rossett's consternation, then, at last April's meeting of Grove's board of directors, to hear someone else—a stranger—referred to as the Chief Executive Officer.

It was true that in 1985, Rossett sold Grove to his British acquaintance of 23 years, Lord George Weidenfeld of Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, proprietors of various less savory publishing establishments along Fleet Street, the notorious "Street of Shame" for gutter publishers. Weidenfeld's acquisition had been funded by his newly-found patron of the arts, Ann Getty, whose husband Gordon (son of Paul, the Paul "Oil Company" Getty) never denies the appellation, "richest man in the world." And truly the infusion of

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HAIR

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kits" for the purpose, they were still able to detect "a signal in the hair of an individual who reportedly had smoked only five PCP 'joints' over a six-month period." Whether this purported finding of "THC" in that person's hair was ever confirmed by re-testing the sample using a less unreliable method than RIA is not known to HIGH TIMES.

In any case, virtually none of the employers who use drug tests of any sort on employees and job applicants care the slightest bit whether or not the tests really work; the history of commercial urine-testing since 1980 has proven that irrefutably. And although Siegel has posed the point that his hair test ought to be able to "distinguish between the occasional user of small doses [of illegal narcotic dope] and the chronic user of larger doses," not many of the employers who purchase his new kit can be expected to care about any such distinction. In these drug-besotted times, not many people any more recognize any difference between "occasional" doping and "addiction."

Reporter Thanepohn in the U.S. JOURNAL, for example, was extremely impressed with one signal triumph of the new Siegel-Baumgartner hair assay: "Dr. Siegel's test on a hair sample from the 19th Century poet, John Keats, revealed that he supported an opium habit!" she exclaimed in print. Actually, Keats' quite well-substantiated "use" of opium has been thoroughly investigated by literary and medical historians, who uniformly agree that far from having any opium "habit," Keats was in fact *compelled* to take opium in the final months of his life, since it was the only medication at the time which was of any use at all against the terminal tuberculosis which was agonizingly killing him. When Siegel and Baumgartner took their RIA through a sample of the poet's preserved hair, therefore, they were undoubtedly confident of finding *some* traces of opium in it, even after 150 years. Of course it's unlikely that Siegel, being notoriously precise and accurate in matters like this, ever told Thanepohn that John Keats was a craven poppy-junkie before he died at 26 with opium in his hair; most likely Thanepohn simply found it reasonable to independently assume, from what she has read and heard about opium, that since opium *was* in Keats' hair, then he had to be an addict. And obviously Siegel did not bother to disabuse her of that incriminating speculation, either.

With this sort of track record for integrity behind their wonderful new high-tech body-hair RIA, it'll be interesting to see whether Siegel and Baumgartner bother to advise all (or any) of the employers who buy their test that any drug "positives" it comes up with really *ought* to be subjected to confirmation testing by better methods. ●



● Every day, letters and phone calls pour into the HIGH TIMES offices, asking the same questions about the rising tide of urine testing. HIGH TIMES has published several articles about this ugly phenomenon in the past, and will continue to expose the cruel and unconstitutional practice as more and more horror stories about its abuse come to our attention. In the meantime, as a public service, HIGH TIMES will run a basic primer of information in this space every month.—The Editors

1. What do urine tests actually measure?

● Urine tests are designed to seek out the end-product metabolites of various drugs: tell-tale non-drug compounds which tend to show up in urine at some point after the drug has been ingested. In the case of marijuana, the tests look for a compound called 9-carboxy THC; in the case of cocaine, they look for *ecognine*.

2. How long does THC stay in the body? Cocaine?

● No one knows how long 9-carboxy THC stays in the body, potentially detectable by urine tests, after marijuana has been smoked. It doesn't really matter; experts agree that if a person smokes just one joint every weekend, there's a possibility that the person might be susceptible to showing "positive" for THC on a urine test given on any day of the following week. For cocaine, the tests are designed to show "positives" for up to three days after the drug has been taken. (The manufacturers estimate five days, but they lie.)

3. Does how much I smoke or ingest affect the test?

● In the case of marijuana, the critical factor is how *regularly* a person uses the drug; anyone who smokes more often than once or twice per week is susceptible to showing THC "positives," whether they smoke a lot or only a little. For cocaine, however, the size of the dose makes the difference; the smaller the doses, the less likely a "positive" result.

4. How can I spoil the test?

● Standard commercial urine tests—there are only two brands on the market—are typical "quick and dirty" immunoassay devices, necessarily calibrated to examine fluids with an acid-to-base ratio (pH factor) from 3:0 to 4:0. By raising or lowering the pH factor of your sample out of this range, you can simply and undetectably foil the tests. This can be done by dropping six grams or more of ordinary table salt into the urine-collection vial, along with the sample of your urine; alternatively, an even smaller amount of common household ammonia, Drano or whatever, will suffice. The urinalysis machine will simply fail to recognize the sample as urine, and will automatically give it a "drug-free" readout. **Important:** There is nothing a person can take *internally*, such as vinegar or vitamins or salt, which will foil a urinalysis test.

5. What can I do if I test positive but don't think I should have?

● You can get a lawyer to challenge the test for you in a court of law, by suing whomever may have made you take it. These tests do not fare well in court; several state courts have already banned the use of these tests on prisoners and corrections personnel, and labor-arbitration decisions have uniformly gone against employers who've used them to fire employees. The fact is, these tests are not sufficiently dependable to be used as grounds for taking adverse action against people, under any circumstances at all. If you get into any sort of trouble because of these unreliable devices, you should write NORML—Suite 640, 20001 S St. NW, Washington, DC 20009—and NORML can recommend a knowledgeable attorney for you.

6. Are urine tests legal? Who is allowed to administer them?

● There are no laws at all, federal or state, to regulate the use of these urinalysis tests. Even though they're even less reliable than lie-detector tests, and infinitely more invasive, the fact is that they've only been in production since 1980, and people are just now beginning to hear about them. No one gets interested in this urinalysis business until their own job is on the line, and that's why there are no laws governing the use of these gimmicks.

7. Can I be arrested if the test is positive?

● No. These tests are far too unreliable to be used as "evidence" in the courts of law. **Important:** When challenged with these factual data, promoters of drug-urinalysis procedures invariably respond that they're using some sort of "new test," fresh out on the market, which is "100-percent reliable." This is a lie every time. There are only two sorts of urine tests on the market: the EMIT Drugs-of-Abuse line from the Syva Company of Palo Alto, California, and the Roche Abuscreen system, from Roche Diagnostics of Nutley, New Jersey. If a urine-test administrator claims to be using some "new" test, you should challenge that person to give its brand name; that person has just lied to you, and that will be very important in any subsequent lawsuit.

ABUSE FOLIO

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

● **Natural highs: are they effective? Are they dangerous?**

HERBAL STIMULANTS

AKA

● Ginseng, Chi Power, Ginseng Rush, Up Time, Rocket Fuel, Zoom, LifeForce, Pep, Fire Up, Excel, Ultra Energy Plus, spirulina, wheat grass, bee pollen, ma huang, guarana, guaranine, gotu kola, bissy nut, etc.

CHARGES

● Any stimulant will use up internal energizing electrochemicals and can create some degree of dependence. Some preparations can cause heart palpitations, high blood pressure and heart irregularities. People who feel tired all the time shouldn't seek answers in tiny little pills, herbs, or pep drinks. Most herbal stimulant manufacturers warn against their use by children, pregnant women or nursing mothers.

NATURE AND USE

● Recent revelations in the media regarding the presence of cocaine in "health food" teabags, notwithstanding the article in these pages (High Times, April '86) that coca tea does little more than produce a "dirty" urine sample (1), have focused some attention on the presence of stimulants or uppers in various herbal preparations. Indeed, the Peruvian coca leaf contained in "Health Inca Tea" produced by the Mariani Corporation is only one of many "herbal" stimulants that have appeared in America's health food markets.

Most of the herbal stimulants have come into our culture from the Far East, where herbal medicine has developed over thousands of years, and where its ingredients are considered as effective and reliable as we in the West consider such pharmaceuticals as antibiotics and analgesics. Some of the ingredients in herbal stimulants contain chemical substances that are often used for similar

purposes in the West and appear in both over-the-counter preparations and look-alike drugs. The Chinese herb "ma huang," for example, one of the most commonly found ingredients in herbal stimulants, is a natural source of ephedrine. Also commonly used in asthma medications, ephedrine is a strong decongestant that has stimulant effects similar to those of the amphetamines. Other common ingredients of herbal stimulants are guarana, guaranine, gotu kola and bissy nut, all of which contain caffeine (2).

Opposed to these "stimulant" preparations are a number of products that the manufacturers refer to as "herbal tonics" or "super foods." These manufacturers see the herbal stimulants as no better than the chemically produced western stimulants. In a recent newspaper article, Jerry Copchern, the manufacturer of Ultra Energy Plus, one of the "herbal tonics," was quoted as saying, "Stimulants create a false energy, and over time they wear the body out. The reason that people are energy-short is that all their lives they've used stimulants without knowing—coffee, tea, soft drinks, sugar, tobacco."

These manufacturers operate on the theory that "a healthy body makes its own energy." They say that their products contain such super foods as ginseng, spirulina, wheat grass and bee pollen that strengthen the body. Copchern concludes, "An herbal tonic doesn't create energy; it strengthens the system so the body can produce its own energy." (2)

There is some controversy as to whether any of these ingredients actually do what is claimed for them. The claim to fame of wheat grass, young wheat stalks, is that it contains high quantities of chlorophyll. Chlorophyll is the stuff that makes leaves and grasses green, and when we were in high school it was the "exciting new breath-freshening ingredient" in toothpaste and "breath" gum, that we used after eating onions on our burgers at the drive-in. It may have made us kissable, but its role in human nutrition is doubtful. Evelyn Tribole, a registered dietitian and member of the National Council Against Health Fraud, Costa Mesa, says of another ingredient, "There is no special substance in bee pollen that would do anyone any good, unless you're a bee." (2)

Spirulina, a high-protein algae that is deliberately cultured and skimmed off the surface of ponds, then dried into a powder, is a quality protein. Tribole reports, however, that it is, "also very expensive; for the money, you'd be better off eating chicken or fish." (2)

Ginseng, known scientifically as

"panax ginseng," has been used medicinally in China since ancient times. Its name derives from the vaguely human shape of the root which is the part of the plant that is used. Legends abound regarding this root, just as they do about the similarly shaped mandrake root in the West.

The best ginseng is said to grow wild in Manchuria. The root can be found, however, throughout Asia and North America. American ginseng is considered by Western physicians to have no medicinal virtues worth mentioning, but the root is held by the Chinese to have stimulant, tonic and restorative properties, which give it its high place in their pharmacology. The Chinese herbalists identify five different types of ginseng, each of which has a medicinal effect on a different part of the body. The general stimulant one is referred to as the "true" ginseng. It is said that in order to test for true ginseng, two persons walk together, one with a piece of the drug in his mouth and the other with his mouth empty. If at the end of three to five hours the one with the ginseng in his mouth does not feel himself tired, while the other is out of breath, the drug is true (3).

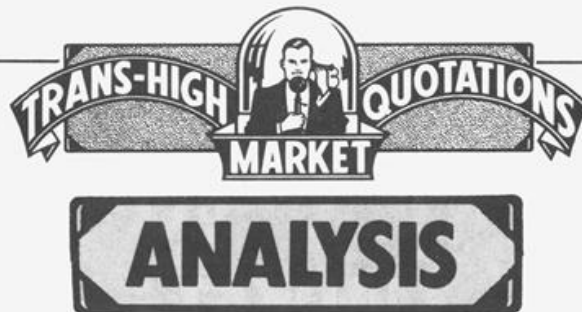
Controversy over herbal stimulants will doubtless continue and involve several questions. The two primary questions seem to be: are these substances dangerous and are they effective? The herbs that contain ephedrine and caffeine are probably as dangerous and as effective, depending on the concentrations involved, as are their Western counterparts, such as tea, coffee, soft drinks and asthma medicine. Others, containing bee pollen, spirulina, ginseng, etc., remain an enigma. Western medicine calls them ineffective, but Western medicine also considered acupuncture a placebo until the discovery of endorphins and opiate receptor sites. Ginseng, with its extensive history and colorful pharmacology, deserves an Abuse Folio column all its own (see next month's HIGH TIMES). Only time, and perhaps the daisies, will tell whether or in what way herbal tonics and such are effective. Our own sense is that the best way to maintain a high level of energy is through a balanced diet, exercise, and a good night's sleep. ●

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THE WORLD OF POT: A BRIEF HISTORY LESSON

by Bud Bogart

For those who have watched the international pot trade over the past two decades, recent events must surely elicit a sense of déjà vu. History has repeated itself in the pot industry since the days when Sergeant Pepper's band began to play, with today's market remarkably similar to that of fifteen and twenty years ago. In between was a wildly divergent assortment of oddballs, weirdos and one-of-a-kinds that the smoke business probably won't see a repeat of again.

Not that the pot world will mourn the passing of South African sticks, tops rolled on sticks with twine and covered with the JOHANNESBURG TIMES, or Alaska muthalode, appreciated for its pioneer spirit more than its potency. Most esoteric weeds were pretty feeble compared to well-cultivated Colombian or Mexican. But the thrill of trying them, of knowing that half a globe away someone was immersed in the same pot subculture that thrives right outside your door, will be sorely missed.

Between the early '60s and the early '70s there were only two sources of pot for heads in the U.S.: Mexico and Jamaica. You could pick up a 'lid,' usually a Prince Albert tobacco can filled with weed, for anywhere from \$5 to \$20. Pounds ran from \$40 to \$100.

Almost invariably the pot was Mexican. The only reason pot grew in Jamaica was that it had come to the Caribbean via the English along with slaves boosted from their colonial holdings in India. This accounts for the Jamaican acquisition of the Indian term for hemp, ganja. It was

widely used among the slaves but rarely exported.

Mexico was different. Not only was pot popular among the native inhabitants—Zapata, the peasant hero of the Mexican Revolution, was a well publicized puffer—but it was the central supply source for Americans as well. From the '20s to the '60s the pot culture was concentrated in a few small areas in the U.S.: New Orleans and selected sites along the Mississippi, Chicago, New York and the California coasts. It was largely an ethnic phenomenon until the '50s, when the beats got into it, with lots of old black movies, vaudeville shows and music making references to reefer.

When the beats and 'hep cats' picked up on it the price shot up from 50 cents a lid to five dollars and smuggling suddenly got popular. By the time the psychedelic revolution was launched in the early '60s there were established smugglers making runs from Mexico to New York, selling at around \$50 a pound.

The vast majority of the current pot smoking public, the twenty-five to forty-year old "baby boom" generation, turned on to this Mexican pot, at least until the mid '70s. The only other alternative was the red or blonde Lebanese hash or dark Moroccan and Asian hashes that persist today. Then, like today, pot was preferred over the hash.

The idea of pot grown in the U.S. was unthought of; in fact, U.S. grown pot was so vile you could get shot for trying to peddle it. There was a reason for this. While home soil was capable of birthing good pot, as we

all know now, the pot that grew naturally in places like Nebraska, Wisconsin, Louisiana and Texas was in fact derived from special strains of low-THC, high-fiber hemp plants that were sown in those states during WWII so as to insure a supply of hemp for rope. After the war the pot continued its spread. You can still find huge fields today in Wisconsin and Nebraska.

Mexican pot reigned supreme until the early '70s when Jamaican made a brief, furious inroad. The reasons then, like now, were simple: in late 1969 through early 1970 the Mexican border was subject to a relentless, thorough crackdown. It was one of President Richard Nixon's pet projects, called "Operation Intercept." It was more show than go, a highly publicized counterattack, not just on pot but on the counterculture as a whole, which in the previous few months had given the U.S. everything from Kent State to Charlie Manson.

While the crackdown netted little in terms of pot, and angered thousands of daily border crossers who had to wait hours in the broiling sun, it was notable for two reasons. It was the first time a concentrated effort to contain a particular area against dope was ever made by the U.S., a strategy that would become drug enforcement policy from then on; secondly, it accomplished its purpose and threw the pot market into a frenzy.

Though few dealers got caught in the massive shakedown, all the others heard about it and backed off

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TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

MAJOR MARKETS

Atlanta, Ga.	Marijuana, North Ga. sinse, primo, "Farm Aid"	oz	125	Kansas City, Mo.	Homegrown, red-haired green	oz	120-160	San Francisco	Acid, white blotter, "not that good"	one	5
	Hash, was "plentiful"	gm	10		skunk buds from Texas, "the best"	1/4-lb.	400-500		Acid, purple micro, "rare, but good"	one	100
	Mushrooms, "when avail."		6-8		Mexican brown, lots of trash	oz	100-120		Gelitan "Cid"	one	150
	LSD, pink blotter, "insatiable demand, quan. & qual. GOOD"	1000 one	1000 5		"Ozark brown," few seeds/stems, "it's everywhere"	1/4-oz	1200-1400 60-80 800-950 15-17.50		"imported from Boston"	one	50
	White blotter	one	5		Afghani black, "light-headed"	oz	50-60		cocaine, too much, "too expensive"	gm	150
	Cocaine, 80+ % Bogota Mule Train, Columbian Mafia, "they're here"	oz	16-1800		Opium, "strong"	lb	650-750		"XTC" (MDMA), "the best"	one	100
	Cocaine, 80+ %, "dangerous scene, Dixie Mafia, power struggles"	oz	1800		Acid, pyramids, "good trip"	gm	100-120 1350-1550		No. Calif. sinsemilla tops	oz	150-200
	MDMA, "XTC" pure, white powder, "Transcendental Medication!"	1/8-oz	250		"Mushrooms," anonymous	one	3		Mexican, "low-octane" sinse	lb	1800-2200
	Methamphetamine HCL, L.A.X.?	gm	80		Coke, not under 50%, or over 70% MDMA, "real thing, very scarce"	oz	200 8-10 160-200 100-120 200-300 15-25		Afghani buds, best in city, "rare"	oz	75-100
	Quaaludes, questionable origin & content, most likely "valley ludes"	one	5	Memphis, Tenn.	Chuck and James Revenge Weed	oz	45		Mexican greens, "pretty good"	lb	600-800
Beverly Hills, Ca.	Sativa, small buds, "heavy resin"	1/4-lb	650		Columbian, "stems and seeds you don't need"	oz	60	Washington, DC	Green Indica, rare "beautiful high"	lb	190-210
	Indica, "large buds, sticky, primo"	1/4-lb	700		Mex sinse, "stone free"	lb	550		Thai, dry, "golden"	oz	1800-2000
	Hash, blonde leb, sucks, "not like good old days"	gm	10		Coke, "caffeine"	oz	90		Mexican scumbag dirt-weed, seeds	lb	50-80
	Acid, blots, "Black Doves", clean, 80 mcg.	one	2.50		LSD, purple micro-dot, "purple haze"	can	.50		Rasta buds, "best Jamaican"	oz	600-800
	Cocaine, "good & plenty, but who needs it?"	gm	150		Mepergan, "great for pain"	one	5		Lebanese hash, "dark & rich"	lb	150-170
	Sinsemilla, buds galore	1/2-oz	40		Hawaiian buds, watch for fakes	oz	7		Mushrooms, high-quality cubensis	oz	140-170
	Sinse, "yellow, like hay"	1/2-oz	50		California sinse, it's here & now	lb	225-275		LSD, blotter "easy to find"	one	450-800
	Thai stick, "very potent"	1/4-oz	50		West Coast sinse, skunks & kushes	oz	2400-3000		MDMA, "wide-spread use"	one	50-100
	Colombian, "good"	oz	200	New York City	New Mexican high-altitude, mystic purple buds	lb	200-250		Crystal meth "common"	gm	6-10
	Colombo reg. d, "pretty good"	lb	700		Mexican greens, flowing in again	1/4-oz	2200-2500	Atlantic City, NJ	Coke, "use very rare"	gm	100-120
Boston, Mass.	Lumbo "rag-ular, real dirtweed"	oz	45		Afghani black hash	oz	200-235		Rasta Sinse, high grade, hard buds	oz	120-190
	Mescaline—purple star, "best around"	one	4		Shrooms, Psilocybe cubensis, powerful body glow	1/4-lb	2000-2400		Skunk buds	lb	1500-200
	green star, "too much speed"	one	65		'Ludes, threatening to make comeback	1/2-lb	60		Thai buds	lb	1300-1700
	red star, "not too trippy"	one	65		Hawaiian "sense," of good repute	one	110		Arizona Sinsemilla	lb	700-1100
	LSD—blotter, "hard to find"	one	4		domestic commersh, dry, harsh,	1/4-lb	100		Brown Commercial Dirt	lb	300-500
	windowpane, clear	one	100		best avoided	1/4-oz	200		Black hash	oz	120
	pyramid, "this acid sux"	one	100	Philadelphia, Pa.	Black hash, unpedigreed, but "magical"	gm	300		Shrooms	gm	7-9
	Coke, "96% pure," sparkling rocks	gm	100		Blotter acid, "380 mcg. + DMT, a good 12-hr. buzz"	1/4-oz	110		LSD: Purple m-d Blotter "killer"	one	110
	Pakalolo (Hawaiian sinsemilla)	3 1/2-gm	290		Mushrooms, "locally grown—fine"	oz	12-15		Strawberry mess "very good"	one	5
Honolulu, Hw.	Prices increase 50%-200% when exported. Main exports: Kona gold, Hilo high, Puna buds, Waimea Wipeout Afghani mango hash	lb	230		Meth, "rocket fuel" rocks, white noise	gm	40		Paper acid, rip off	one	4-7
					Purple sinse "expensive, but good"	1/4-oz	35-40		Cocaine, "good as the shit comes", 89% pure rock synthetic	gm	100
				Phoenix, Az.	Local Sinse, "long skinny buds"	1/4-lb	120		Cocaine, "good as the shit comes", 89% pure rock synthetic	oz	1400-2000
					LSD, white blotter "long intense trips"	one	3	Austin, Texas	XTC	one	700
					Blue Moon blotter Checkerboard blotter, "not bad but too trippy"	one	110		Bootleg ludes	one	15-25
					Missouri sinse, "best there is"	one	200		PCP, Liquid One	100 +	5-6
					Colombo, "nice scent," uplifting	oz	5		Loveboat	oz	3 ea.
					Brown commersh, heavy headache	oz	5		Sherman Stick	one	400
					Homegrown meresh, "4-joint buzz"	oz	60				375
					hash, rare	oz	120				40
					Mushrooms, "intense trip"	gm	6	AROUND THE U.S.	Hawaiian, "top-shelf, super high, authentic"	oz	300
					Acid, "4-way red pane, the best"	oz	110		Jamaican, "decent at best, overpriced"	1/4-lb	1000
					Acid, Robert's Rainbow, "intense trip, but profitable"	one	14		Mex, "close in quality to Jam"	oz	150
						one	100		Hash, blond leb, "excellent quality"	lb	1500
						one	250		Mex, "close in quality to Jam"	oz	120
						one	10		Hash, blond leb, "excellent quality"	lb	112-1200
						one	150		Mandrax, "ludes" from Mex, "pharm"	oz	125
						one	150		Vahum, 10 mg. "blues"	1/4-lb	350
						one	150		Red-haired sinse "lots of it"	one	18-25
						one	150		Local sinse, "same old shit"	oz	1.25-2.00

Akron, Ohio	Sinse buds-local area "supply low"	oz	80-110	Decatur, Il.	South American cocaine, Peru and Bolivian, "94% pure, 100% rock, 2 lines does the trick"	gm	100	Louisville, Ky.	Purple Skunk "tasty, stinky"	oz	120-150
	Sinse Mex., some seeds "good herb also low supply"	oz	90-130		Local home grown, "not good"	oz	80		Local Sativas "Bluegrass"	lb	1200-1600
	Calif. SKUNK bud "real thing"	1/4-oz	65		Illinois gold "holy shit!"	oz	140		Green Kush "tasty, seedy"	oz	70-100
	Brown bud, more garbage appearing, "some earthy tasting Santa Marta, it's not"	oz	50-85		Mexican sinse "nice buzz"	1/4-oz	35		Colombo shake "kiddie shit"	lb	750-1000
	Good brown, where have all the flowers gone?	none			Columbian sinse "real stuff!"	oz	100		Magic mushrooms "good when around"	gm	100-?
	Gold Seal! (Skunk)	oz	170-2100		Hash oil, "real go-go juice!"	gm	30-35		LSD, "Lucky Charms," blotter, tuff dose	one	1100
	Hashish everywhere black outside/ green inside	1/4-oz	35-50		Greeny-brown hash, "powerful shit!"	gm	15		LSD, red, purple dots, "6-8 hrs., speedy"	one	50-60
	Jamaican sinse "killer bud"	oz	100		Muddville sinse, light green "better than average bud"	oz	75-85		Opium, raw gum "sweet, mellow"	gm	don't care
	Jamaican brick "different taste"	lb	1100		Typical brown, "gets ya high"	oz	45-55		Cocaine, Derby Drug, "only your nose knows"	lb	7-10
	Moroccan Hashish "kick your butt"	gm	1200	Grand Rapids, Mi.	Black hash, "smokin' de"	gm	5	Milwaukee, Wis.	Crystal meth, "grit your teeth"	gm	800
Baltimore, Md.	Skunkweed, "loved by everyone"	1/4-oz	35		Mushrooms plentiful	gm	5		Red bud, two hit, "just like the 70s"	oz	100-120
	Mushrooms, "don't make plans"	fm	5		LSD, cartoon blotter "Laughed my ass off"	one	3-5		Authentic Maui, crisp "peppermint" buds, "awesome"	1/4-oz	120
	LSD, Window Pane "head-frying"	one	3		Pink micro-dot "Long night"	one	3-5		Stock sativa, "seedy"	1/4-oz	1400
	Cocaine, "flakey, intense"	1/2-gm	280		Coke, "typical college coke"	gm	100		Homegrown Minn. "Bunkhouse shit"	1/4-oz	100
	Crank, "okay"	1/4-gm	15		Colombo, seedy "fair"	oz	60		Red-haired, few seeds, nice taste "wild buzz"	1/4-oz	25
	Homegrown indica plentiful, "wet"	oz\$60			Sinsemilla, buds galore, "potent"	lb	500-600		LSD, Green Pyramid, "way for real!"	one	110
	Arizona Sinse, "same old b.s."	oz	100-120	Greensburg, Pa.	Mexican sinse "brown, pass up"	lb	1000-1200		Green Dome Dynamite!	one	FREE
	Calif. indica, "primo buds"	oz	1200-1300		Moroccan hash "fair"	gm	900-1200		Orange Barrels "not worth paying for"	one 2	30
	Nepalese hash, "if you know where to go"	gm	10		Mushrooms, "rare"	gm	8		Coke, opium laced "It's still winter!!"	gm	850
	Colombian coke, "good for the head"	1/8-oz	200		LSD, world blotter, "excellent"	one	5-10		Average blow, "all powder"	1/4-gm	7
	Bethlehem, Pa.				Green, "very bad to very good"	1/4-oz	100		Hospital White Cross, "totally common"	3	25
	Sinse, "sticky & pungent"	1/4-oz	30	Iowa City, Iowa	Brown "commercial"	oz	12.50-35		Sinsemilla, pseudo sinse, w/red-hairs "OK", origin unknown	oz	100
	pseudo-sinse	1/4-oz	110		Colombian Gold "very very nice"	oz	70	New Brunswick, N.J.	Mexican sinse higher grade, seedless, fresh smoke, "U.P.S. Weed"	lb	100-140
	Oregon indoor skunk, "the best"	oz	100		Bleached Gold, "used to be green", still very good, lotsa seeds	1/2-oz	17-28		Jamaican Lamb's Bread, scarce, black, gummy buds "The Real Deal"	1/8-oz	1300
	Black leb hash	3 1/2-gms	2000		Normal Gold	1/4-lb	20-25		Mushrooms, hydroponically grown, psilocybe-cubensis capsules, blue blotches, "a million laughs"	oz	20
	Mushrooms, "Colo. organge caps"	gm	8		Sinse "Green, OK"	1/4-oz	240		Cocaine, 90% pure "Meet me at the rockpile, boys"	1/8-oz	120
	Mushrooms, hydroponics, "one gm = goodbye!"	3 1/2-gms	25		Jamaican, "very rare, but excellent"	oz	35		MDMA, a newcomer, free-base/LSD high "intensely enjoyable"	cap	300
	Coke, "smooth as a whisper, off like a rocket"	gm	10		Snow White Green this stuff is the best I ever had, very very rare to even hear about, I joynt & yr on the floor	gm	5		Colombian pot, "sleepy dirt-weed"	joynt	15
	XTX powder, "rare but exceptional"	one	125		Black hash, "very good"	gm	7-9	North Carolina Dept. of Corrections	Tarheel sinse, "energetic, hypnotic"	joynt	35
	Sinsemilla, "common all bud"	oz	100-120		Shrooms, "OK"	1/2-oz	35		Hash, blonde Leb. "low quality"	3	2
Buffalo, NY	"yellow"	oz	1-140		Barf Brown, "makes some people sick but you just keep laughin"	1/4-oz	7-8		LSD, Blue Dolphin, "decent"	1/4-oz	5
	Colombo "reg", extinct, but needed bad	oz			Grey blotter "mostly speed"	hit	20		Moon & Star, "weak"	hit	5
	Hash	gm	10		x3 coated, pure acid, "don't make plans for the next 3 days, stuff is dangerous"	hit	3		Quaaludes, "valium boots, zombified"	one	5
	LSD, "all kinds"	one	4-5		King Tut, "never had it, lasts 16-24 hrs"	hit	1.50		Valium, "changing blues"	10-mg	2
	Coke "rocks"	1/8	300		Gold Star, Silver Star "never boring"	hit	3		Back (prison made liquor), "orange flavored, ass-kickin"	12-oz	1
	Pharmaceutical, 99.99% pure	gm	150		Coke, "quality depends"	gm	100	Orange County CA	Skunk buds, No. "The Kind"	oz	175-200
	Ludes	one	4-5		XTX, "controllable acid"	hit	25		Primo Hawaiian "tight & stonable"	oz	175
	Diet speed (RX)	one	.50-1.00		Speed, "cheap to free, OK"	hit	.25 & down				
	Local sinsemilla, "Sweet Big Buds"	oz	80	La Follette, Tenn.	Mexican "pseudo" sinse bud, varies "great to wonderful"	oz	70-90				
	Homegrown Indoor Afghan-Hindu kush skunk buds "mainly growers' head supply"	1/4-oz	70		Cocaine, "bullshit" all cut	gm	825-900				
	Jamaican buds, "superbo primo"	oz	775-1600		Valium, "something to do"	one	80-120				
	Jamaican com., "merch, "o.k."	lb	1300		Ludes, "Bathroom made"	one	.50-1.00				
	Anonymous indica, "seed city"	oz	75-100				2.50-5				
	Colombian brown, "sleepy high"	oz	125								
	Afghani Hash "high grade direct from Kabul"	gm	50-80								
	Moroccan hash, "fair"	gm	475								
Columbus, Ohio	Mushrooms, "about a 6"	gm	13								
	LSD, dolphin blotter	one	200								
	LSD, cartoon blotter, "good stuff"	one	6-8								
	Speed, "rare, in demand"	one	3-5								
	Coke, "same old stomped-on shit"	gm	90								
		oz	1800								

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

	Mex. Sinse	oz	40
	"Budget Buds"	lb	200
	Skunk Shake,	bale	1000
	"headache bud"		
	Marcos Buds from		
	Philippines, blk-		
	compressed,		
	"harsh but		
	stone"		
	Buddah Thai,	1/8-oz	35
	dipped in opium		
	"one hit shit,		
	very rare"		
	Shrooms, best on	1/8-oz	20
	pizza, "true		
	warpage"		
	LSD, white blotter,	hit	5
	Goofy, Red UFO		
	"all nighters"		
	Cocaine, yellow &	1/8-oz	250
	"very accessible"		
	XTC-MDMA, real	hit	20
	thing, "rare-		
	awesome"		
	Crystal Meth from	gm	60
	San Diego,		
	"Turbo Boost"		
	Nitros, "short,	10-	2.50
	cheap buzz"		
	Humboldt skunk	1/8-oz	25
	Hydro skunk,	1/8-oz	25-27.50
	"very resinous"		
	Local Lo-elevation	1/8-oz	20
	Buds, green	oz	150-165
	"decent" 1/4-lb	450-500	
	Afghani bud	1/4-oz	40-50
	"the kill"	oz	150-180
	Black Aff., "burns	1/8-oz	25
	fast, tastes	oz	200-210
	killer"	1/4-lb	600
	Shrooms, "mega-	gm	5
	trip"	1/8-oz	15-20
	Coke, "as good as	1/4-gm	25
	the shit gets"	1/8-oz	250
	CR, "rocket fuel"	1/4-gm	20
		1/8-oz	220-240
		oz	190
	Green buds	lb	2250
	"mamba wamba!"	oz	220
	Indica tops	lb	2500
	"Gumby Buds"	gm	8
	Hash, "Black Gold"	1/8-oz	15
	Magic mushrooms	oz	75
	"mamba grown"	one	3-4
	LSD, "purple	100	110
	prism"	1/4-gm	30
	Coke, "Great with	1/8-oz	325
	mamba"	1/16-oz	100
	Crank, "Alice's	oz	850
	best"	1/4-oz	30-35
	Sinse, "good	oz	130
	& sticky"	1/4-oz	25
	Brown pot, "shit		
	seedy, stemmy"		
	Satellite weed,	1/4-oz	10
	(good) "not bad,	oz	40
	homgrown,		
	moist"		
	Satellite weed,	1/4-oz	5
	(bad) "if yr	oz	20
	desperate &		
	broke"		
	Mushrooms, "full	gm	7
	of laughs"		
	Acid (Grateful	one	4
	Dead), "psyche-		
	delia heaven"		
	Coke, "be careful,	gm	100-110
	shit/or good"		
	Crank, "stomped	gm	60
	on over & over"		
	Vortex pot, skunky	oz	250-300
	smell, chamber		
	grown, "strong &		
	druggy"		
	Humboldt sinse	oz	180-220
	"two-hit nirvana"		
	Mexican skunk	oz	90-120
	"debilitating"		
	LSD, "good	one	5
	blotter"		
	Crystal meth	gm	75-100
	"primo"		
	Colombian "fresh		
	out from Immig-		
	ration Office		
	Sinsemilla,	1/4-oz	25
	"scarce"		
	Unknown, "you	bags	5-10
	name it"		

	Geek joyns, laced	one	3
	w/freebased		
	rocks		
	Homegrown	1/2-oz	35
	Sinse A Kill Ha	oz	80
	Hash	cube	50
	LSD, "late, sad,	one	4
	disgusted"		
	Valium	one	.75
	Coke	gm	70
		1/8-oz	200
		1/4-oz	400
		1/2-oz	700
		oz	1300-1400
		oz	1200
	with Colombian		
	connection		
	Coke, going fast,	kilo	45,000
	"place order in		
	advance"		
	Crank, "they're		
	giving it		
	away"		
	Sinse, origin FL	oz	80-90
		1/4-lb	240
		lb	995
	Colombian, tastes	oz	65
	better, "fresh"	1/4-lb	170
		lb	680
	Jamaican, "once a	1/2-lb	375
	month drop"		
	Shrooms, "hard to	2-gms	5
	find"		
	Acid, Flamingo	one	2.50
	"fair"	100	120
		1000	925
	Coke, people go	gm	90-100
	nuts over it,	1/8-oz	260
	"Good for the	1/4-oz	500
	Great White	oz	1650
	North"		
	Stickless Thai,	1/4-oz	45-50
	"very tasty"	oz	170-180
	Cal. sinse, "scarce"	oz	180-190
	Tex-Mex, green	1/4-oz	30
	weed	oz	90-100
	Colombian, "yeah	lb	650
	sure it is"		
	Colombian garf,	oz	50
	"I'll kill for a	lb	550
	joynt", only if		
	desperate"		
	Michigan green	1/4-oz	20
	"sinse"	oz	75
	Hash, blond	1/4-oz	35
		oz	140
	Hash, black, "noth-	1/4-oz	40-45
	ing better in	oz	140
	black"		
	Cocaine, 80-90%	1/8-oz	275
	pure, all rock,	oz	2000
	straight from Ba-		
	hamas, "must		
	know the right		
	connection"		
	Commercial Brown	oz	70-80
	"expands great"	1/4-lb	220-235
	Texas Skunk	oz	150
	weed	lb	1600
	Kansas Homegrown	oz	200
	Afghani, "real	lb	1800
	ass-kickin shit"		
	Hash, Red & Black	gm	8-10
	Lebanese	lb	2200
	LSD, Black Star	one	3-4
	blotter	4000	3700
	Red Dragon	one	6-7.50
	blotter	4000	4000
	Coke, "dynamite	gm	140-150
	blow! Straight	8 ball	375
	solid rocks from	lb	18,000
	Colombia"	kg	38,000
	Opium, "the very	gm	15
	best, real strong		
	stuff"		

IN THE BOONDOCKS

	Homegrown, dark	1/2-oz	30-40
	seedy,	oz	70-90
	"headache"		
	Indica, big buds	oz	100-120
	"rare"	lb	900-1000
	Colombian, laced	1/4-oz	40-60
	(opium), "scarce	oz	180-210
	but powerful"		
	Hash, "OK"	gm	8-10
	Acid, purple micro-	one	2-4
	dot, "very trippy"		

	Valium, 10 mg	one	1.50
	"hospital over-		
	stock"		
	Indoor grown pur-	oz	180
	ple skunk buds		
	"very good shit"		
	Mexican semi-sinse	1/4-oz	30
	"good buy"	oz	90
	Crystal meth	1/4-gm	25
	"good deal"	gm	100

INTERNATIONAL

AFGHANISTAN

Hashish	at the border,	lb	\$900-1100
	funding resistance	kg	2200-2300

CANADA

Homegrown	Tops, red-haired,	lb	1200-1800
	"excellent"	oz	150-200
	Leftover leafs,	lb	300-600
	"yawn!"	oz	50-100
	Red-hair-stemmy	lb	1800-2300
	"excellent, Mex	gm	7-20
	or Colum?"		
Columbian	"seedy crap, dealer	lb	2800-3600
	usually sells for	oz	—
	cost if stuck with		
	it"		
Hash	repress Gold Seal,	lb	2650-3150
	"ho-hum"	gm	8-20
	Thick black, rare	lb	2800-3600
	"excellent"	10-25	
LSD	micro & blotter	hit	2-8
	"fair to good,		
	cost depends on		
	quantity"		
Cocaine	Only in the cities,	oz	2800-3500
	bad to good, "lots	gm	100-200
	of bad"		

THE NETHERLANDS

AMSTERDAM:			
Dutch sinse	ranges in quality:	gm	\$1.30-3
	mixed reports	lb	400-700
Jamaican sinse	"the best"	gm	4.10
Mexican "sinse"	middle-grade	gm	2.50
Colombian reg	least desirable	gm	1.65-2.65
Ghana grass	more or less okay	gm	2.65
Nigerian weed	usually okay	gm	2
Durban sticks	seeds & stems	gm	2.65
Malawi weed	"rare but primo"	gm	3.30
Thai weed	reliable quality	gm	3.30-4.10
Kerala weed	Indian exotic	gm	3.30
Moroccan hash	black, hi-quality	gm	8.25
	coffee-shop	gm	4.10-5
	commercial	oz	140-165
	"normal," black	gm	2-3.50
	to brown	lb	500-1100
Lebanese hash	lots from war		
	trade—red,	gm	3
	and "gold"	gm	2-2.65
Afghani hash	"real Afghani"	gm	4.50-5
	"coffeeshops"	gm	3.30-4.10
Nepalese hash	"good quality"	gm	4.10-5
Kashmiri hash	"take your chance"	gm	3.30-4.50
Turkish hash	grade-A	gm	4.50
Indian charas	called "Manali"—	gm	4-5
	questionable		
LSD	Yellow Sunshine,	10	8.25-11.50
	paper	100	115
		1000	1000
	microdots,	10	13.15-16.50
	orange & red	100	165
		1000	1300
Mushrooms	nondescript	gm	8.25
		oz	235 (?)
"MDME"	"illumination in pill?	one	33 (!)
	(artificial)		
Cocaine	look out for Japa-	gm	70
	nese synthetics—	oz	1850
	not what they're	lb	16,400
	ground up to be	kg	36,300

JAMAICA

NEGRIL:	Volatile tourist		
	market—be alert		
	Sativa Sinse, "the	oz	10 & up
	island's best,		
	very trippy"		
	Indica Buds,	oz	10 & up
	"scarce, body-		
	numbing"		
	Dried-out commer-	oz	5 & up
	cial, not worth it		
	at any price—		
	hold out for		
	primo smoke"		

SOUTH AFRICA

Malawi	Cob #1 in	1/2-oz	5
	Johannesburg, in-		
	credible black		
	compact		
Durban "poison"	"very green and	as much	.40
	very potent"	as you	
		can grab	
		w/one	
		hand	

ARE YOU GONNA BE THERE?

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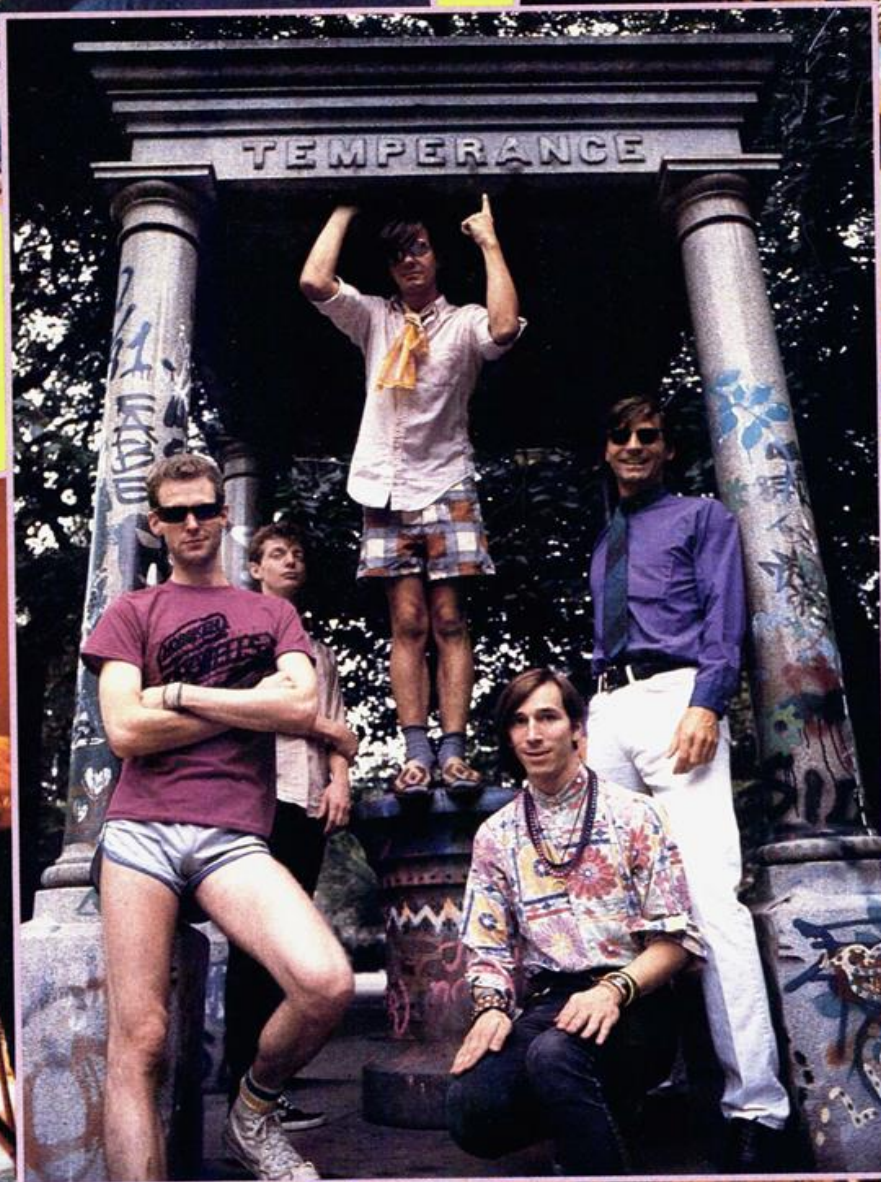
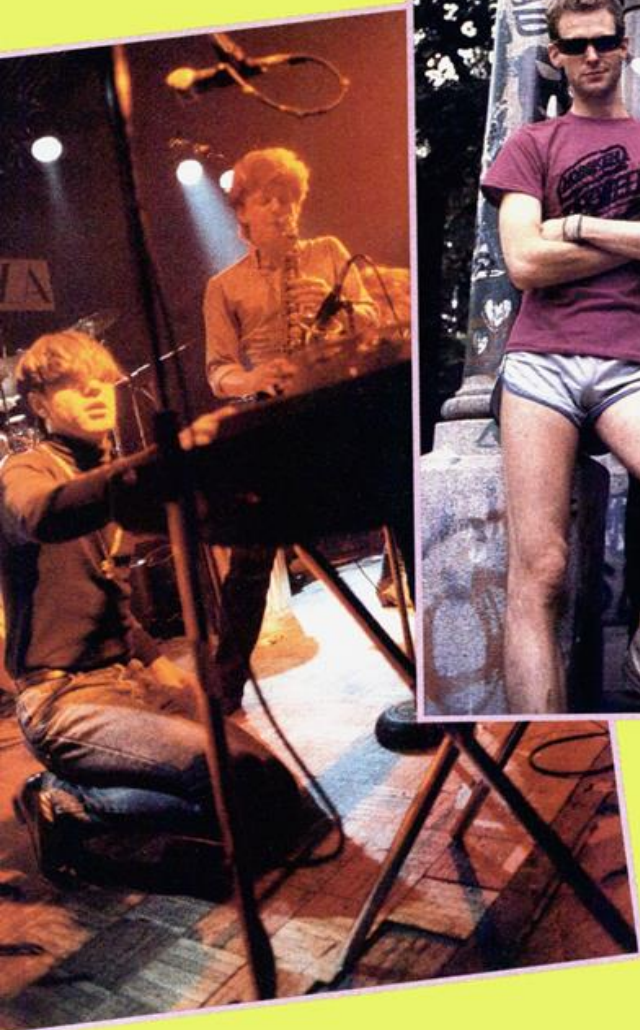
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONICA DEE

KEITH STRENG

PUPILOMETER READING 10.0



THE FLESH TONES

PIONEERS OF THE MODERN PSYCHEDEMIC SOUND

They've been called "The Grateful Dead of New York's Lower East Side," "the apotheosis of the garage sound," and "one of the most overlooked bands in America." They formed in 1976, playing sweaty dance music in the middle of a stiff-legged punk revolution. Since then, they've recorded a slew of classic raveups, including: "Theme From 'The Vindicators,'" "Legend of a Wheelman," "Hexbreaker," and "Roman Gods," to name but a few.

To hear them at their best, however, hear them live, playing for a blissed out crowd of stoned partygoers who like to dance (there's nothing frozen about their cool). So, it's no wonder that lead singer Peter Zarembo was chosen as the host for IRS's "The Cutting Edge" on MTV, a program dedicated to unearthing the best of the American musical underground (takes one to know one).

BY ART BLACK

Click! hnnnn... a tiny dot of color in the middle of a grey screen. A terrific, rumbling drumbeat bursts out of the dot and the screen explodes into psychedelicolored animation as the guitar kicks in. Horns and bass grab hold of the rhythm and jerk it like a cat shaking a captured bird. Visions flash by too fast to comprehend—distorted visions from an A.I.P. "youth" movie. Frantic kids gone wild, colored lights, wild abandon, pure fun made aural. Hey folks, meet the ultimate cartoon band with the ultimate cartoon bandname. Meet THE FLESH TONES.

Well, meet 'em if you can find 'em. One at a time, I sought out the fugitive Fleshmen in a variety of hiding places. First up: JAN MAREK PAKULSKI, bass player and easiest to locate. (According to guitarist KEITH STRENG, Marek is the most stable member of the group.) I found him relaxing at home after the band's recent "Mardi Gras" tour of the south.

From Marek I get the early history. He and Keith formed the Flestones in 1976 in Queens, where they had rented a house with a few friends. "It started out with Keith singing and me sort of switching between bass and drums," says Marek. "We really offended everyone in the neighborhood."

Keith later corroborates this story. "Marek and I were playing with my friend Whale," he says. "Whale used to be a drummer. Well, he wasn't really a drummer. I mean, he played every song exactly the same: he'd do the drum solo from 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.' It was actually the first noise band, way before James Chance. We called ourselves CONCRETE BLOCK and we only played at our own parties. We'd tell people, 'Yeah, we're gonna do a performance in the basement, you gotta check

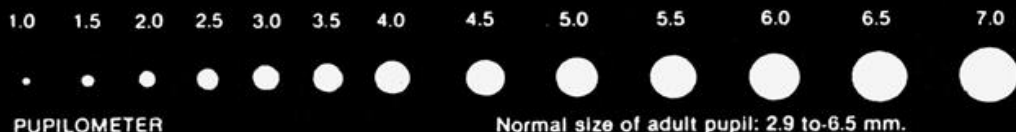
us out, we're musical geniuses.' Their jaws would drop 'cause they were expecting us to cover 'Sunshine Of Your Love' or something. After that, Marek and I decided maybe we should try and sound more like the Troggs and the rest of the stuff we liked. I got PETER ZAREMBA over 'cause he knew how to play harmonica. I thought he'd be perfect 'cause nobody ever thought of him as a lead singer."

"The whole spirit of the thing got real revved up at these parties," recalls Marek. "We were making *Blue Whales*, our favorite drink, by the garbage can, and we got quite a bit of local notoriety, to the point that the neighborhood got up a petition to have us thrown out."

"Yeah, Blue Whale and summertime go hand-in-hand," Keith adds wistfully. "I introduced Blue Whale to Whitestone in New York when I was 18. I learned to make it from my father. It went perfect with LSD 'cause it's blue and looks like Windex. It's the perfect psychedelic drink."

So the misguided radio rebels got cocky and hit the audition nights at local clubs, playing their desperately unpolished '60s-style partypunk dance tunes. Surprise—they were *not* a hit. And thus Peter, an art student at the School of Visual Arts (SVA) with a loft two blocks from MAX'S KANSAS CITY, eventually managed to get his bandmates involved with the simmering club scene there.

"I don't think we were well-liked at Max's either," says Marek. "Originally people described us as some kinda weird twist band. Very few people were dancing then. There was no dance rock club in New York at the time. Dancing was really frowned upon."



This was late 1976, during the second wave of New York's well-documented alternative club explosion, when groups like Talking Heads, Blondie, Television and Patti Smith were blowing the minds of appreciative audiences. Much of what was happening on the rock front was a reaction against the dreaded disco movement; which helps explain why dance bands like the Fleshtones (and the B-52's) were not well-received initially.

But then Alan Vega of the group SUICIDE fell in among the Fleshtone's slowly growing legion of fans. (Suicide was the first band on Marty Thau's New York-based *Red Star Records*.) After Vega dragged Thau to see the group, Thau offered them a deal. They cut an album, *BLAST OFF*, which collected dust for four years before finally being released in a cassette-only version by the ever-tasteful folks at ROIR Records. Red Star, you see, was backed financially by a disco conglomerate who decided to divert their megabucks elsewhere. Because of this, the only Fleshtone's product to initially see vinyl from these early sessions is the classic "American Beat/Critical List" single. "Can you hear the American sound?" howled the Fleshtones. "Don't wanna hear you put it down."

Six years later, the rest of the country caught up with the band and rootsy American music was suddenly popular again. The Fleshtones were even obliged to re-record their original single as "American Beat '84" at the behest of the producers of the movie *Bachelor Party*. The song was used as the film's theme, even though Oingo Boingo had already written a title tune. (Apparently, even the Hollywoodpeckers recognized the Fleshtune as the superior song.) "AMERICAN BEAT '84" became the final single released by the band on IRS records. But I'm getting ahead of myself here.

Back to the late '70s. Red Star was history. The band's main supporters were gone. Things were not looking up. "It's kinda like we broke up at one point for a month because Marek smashed his hand," says Keith. Fortunately, the music remained. The Fleshtones had successfully merged the disparate influences fueling much of the CBGB scene—the quirky funk of Talking Heads, the minimalist pop-punk of the Ramones, and the garage psychedelia glorified in Lennie Kaye's *NUGGETS LP*. "We were definitely drawing on what we thought were the great aspects of garage music, but there was no attempt to copy it outright," says Keith. "There's some bands around now—I won't mention any names—who are really copying the whole look of the psychedelic '60s. We decided that rather than being a Madame Tussaud's wax piece we would become more like a *FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER*, just a collection of different styles. We were trying to find a common denominator between rockabilly and psychedelia. We later incorporated disco and beat-box styles on songs like "ROMAN GODS."



PETER ZAREMBA PUPILOMETER READING 7.0

Which is what happened. Backed by Destri on keyboards and his bandmate Clem Burke on drums, the trio of Keith, Peter and Marek recorded two songs for the 2x5 LP. "We pulled back together just for the occasion really," says Keith, "but then Marty developed a lot of tour plans—the Red Star Express, as it was called, was gonna take America by storm. So we figured we were going to need a drummer. We were sitting around eating lunch at a restaurant and talking about needing a drummer when this fellow leaned over and said: 'I'm a drummer.'"

Meet BILL MILHIZER. In tandem with Marek, the second half of the hardest piledriving rhythm section on the face of the planet. "I think we have a unique quality to our live shows," says Bill. "There's just a fluid quality to our shows that sets us apart. We never prided ourselves on great musicianship as much as energy and the surprise element."

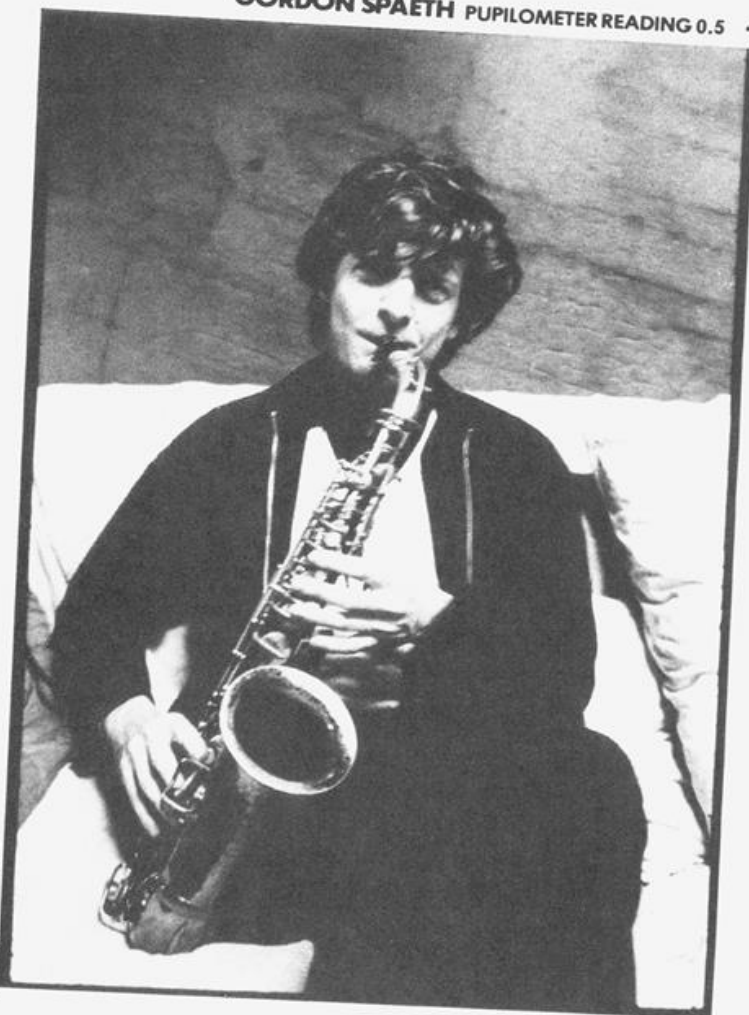
"The shows are great because you never know what's going to happen," says Keith. "I mean, there are a few that bomb, but that's what makes the band good. We never do the same set. The shows aren't contrived."

**Their best times
are perfect when
utilized as
theme songs for
trashy teen
movies.**

Without, unfortunately, gaining anywhere near the attention they deserved. And so the Fleshtones broke up. Then, with impeccable timing, Thau re-entered the picture with a plan for the rejuvenation of Red Star Records and a compilation album of the new crop of New York City bands. "He still had the masters for our original album," says Keith, "and he wanted to use two cuts from it. But the producer, Jimmy Destri of Blondie, said 'No, I'd like to get them back in the studio so all the songs will have a production similarity.'"

Meet GORDON SPAETH, the most manic Fleshman and the band's "secret weapon." After Bill passed his audition, the band added Gordon on sax, harmonica, keyboards, and something-else-wholly-unnameable. Gordon plays a plethora of instruments and is truly frightening to behold in those moments when he stands stock still and surveys the audience with crazed eyes. It is during these rare moments when you know Gordon is planning something devious.

GORDON SPAETH PUPILOMETER READING 0.5



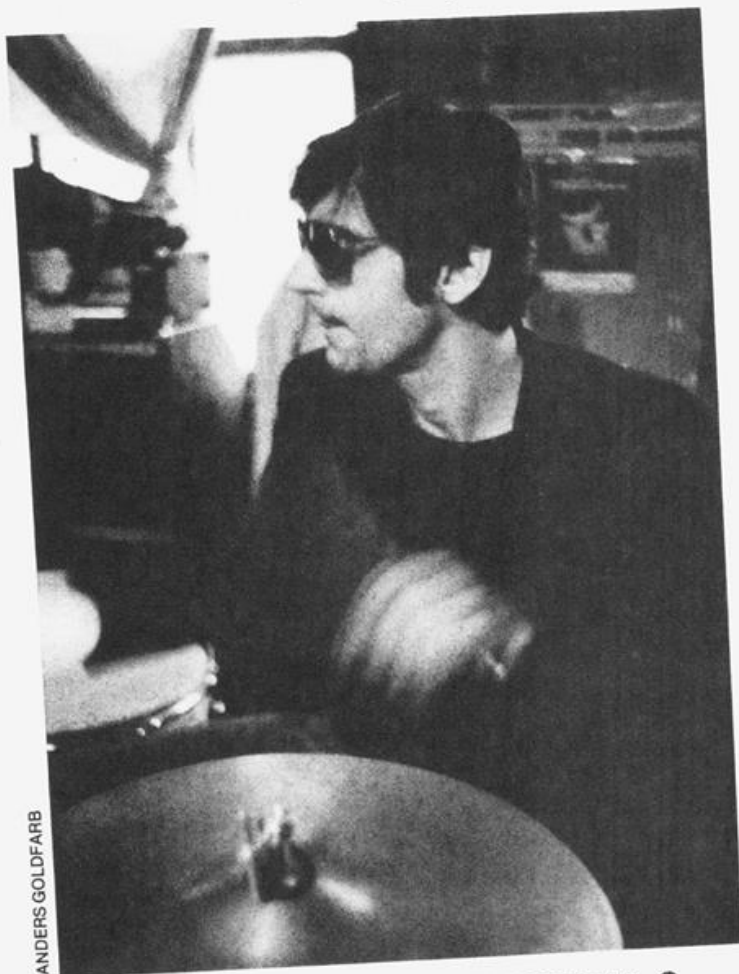
ANDERS GOLDFARB

People originally described them as a "weird twist band."

"What does Gordon add?" says Keith. "A great sense of humor. He comes up with great concepts. I love hangin' out with him on road trips."

However, when we finally tracked him down, Gordon sounded hoarse and reticent. "Well, that's because he was burnt out," explains Keith. "It depends on his mood, you know? Like any brilliant person, he goes through his mood swings."

Gordon's association with the band began back in Queens. Originally, he played harmonica, and later picked up the sax. Along with his brother BRIAN SPAETH (now an artist) and JOHN WEISS (now leading the Vipers), Gordon was a part-time Fleshtone. Eventually, due in large part to his manic intensity, he was asked to join the group full time.



ANDERS GOLDFARB

BILL MILHIZER PUPILOMETER READING 2.0 ●

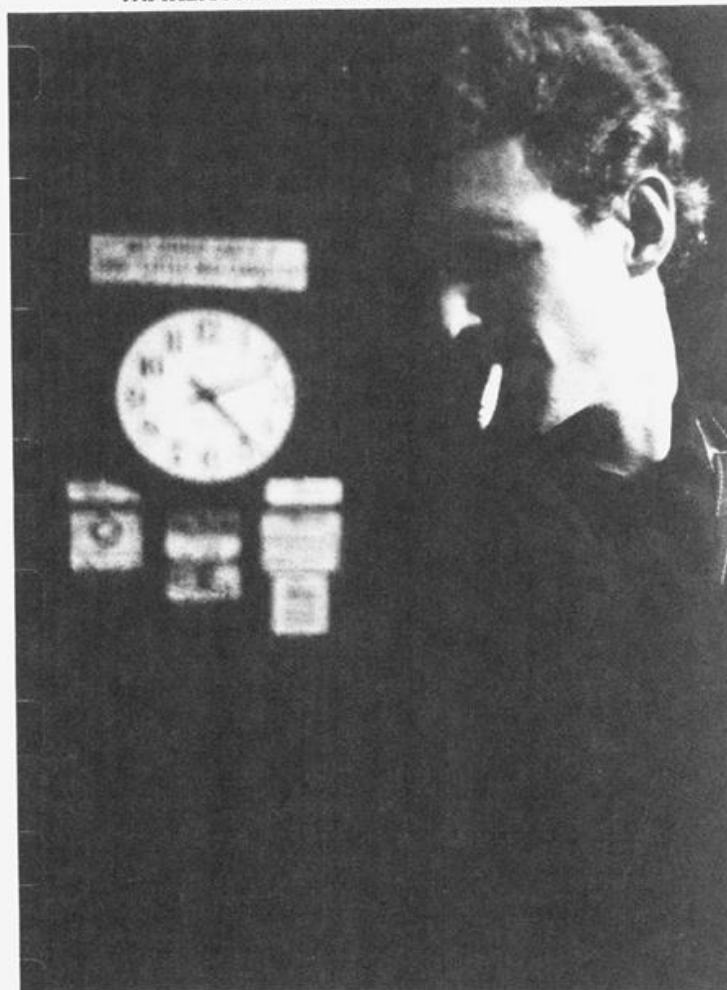
"There's a lot of parody in the act," explains Gordon. "Rock 'n' roll is basically just for having a good time."

"By the early seventies it was pretty apparent that a particular cultural cycle was over," says Brian Spaeth. "Just think what it was like: 'Horses

with no names,' mud-sliding junkie balladeers, Weather-Reporting fusion-mongers and the Beatle sarcophagus. I remember Peter saying he felt like the victim of an elaborate hoax. So, instead of passively following the bilge being pumped out on the radio, the Fleshtones decided to create some themselves."

Finally, meet PETER ZAREMBA: the focal point, the front man, who has just returned from filming an upcoming segment of his show "THE CUTTING EDGE" in California.

MAREK PAKULSKI PUPILOMETER READING 1.5 ●

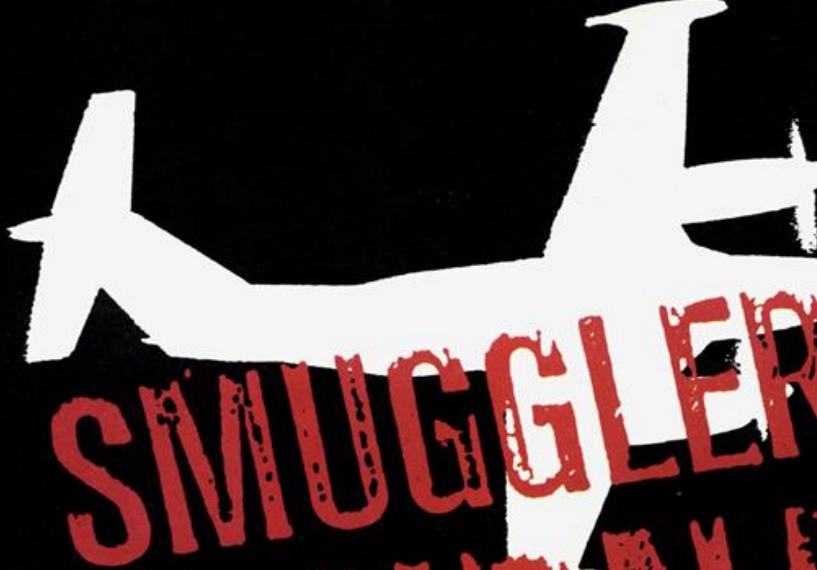


ANDERS GOLDFARB

First question: The Fleshtones have once again been dropped by IRS. Was their recent live album (SPEED CONNECTION II) simply a contract breaker?

"No. See, that's what's so weird about the whole thing," says Peter. "The live album was actually something they got us back to do, just like they got us back to do 'American Beat.' And even now they're talking about doing something else. So, maybe we can be the first band to be dropped from the same label three times. Who knows? It might happen anyway because we've been invited to be on a skateboard movie called THRASHIN', which is exactly the sort of project rock 'n' roll should be utilized for—trashy teen movies."

continued on page 97



SMUGGLER'S JOURNAL

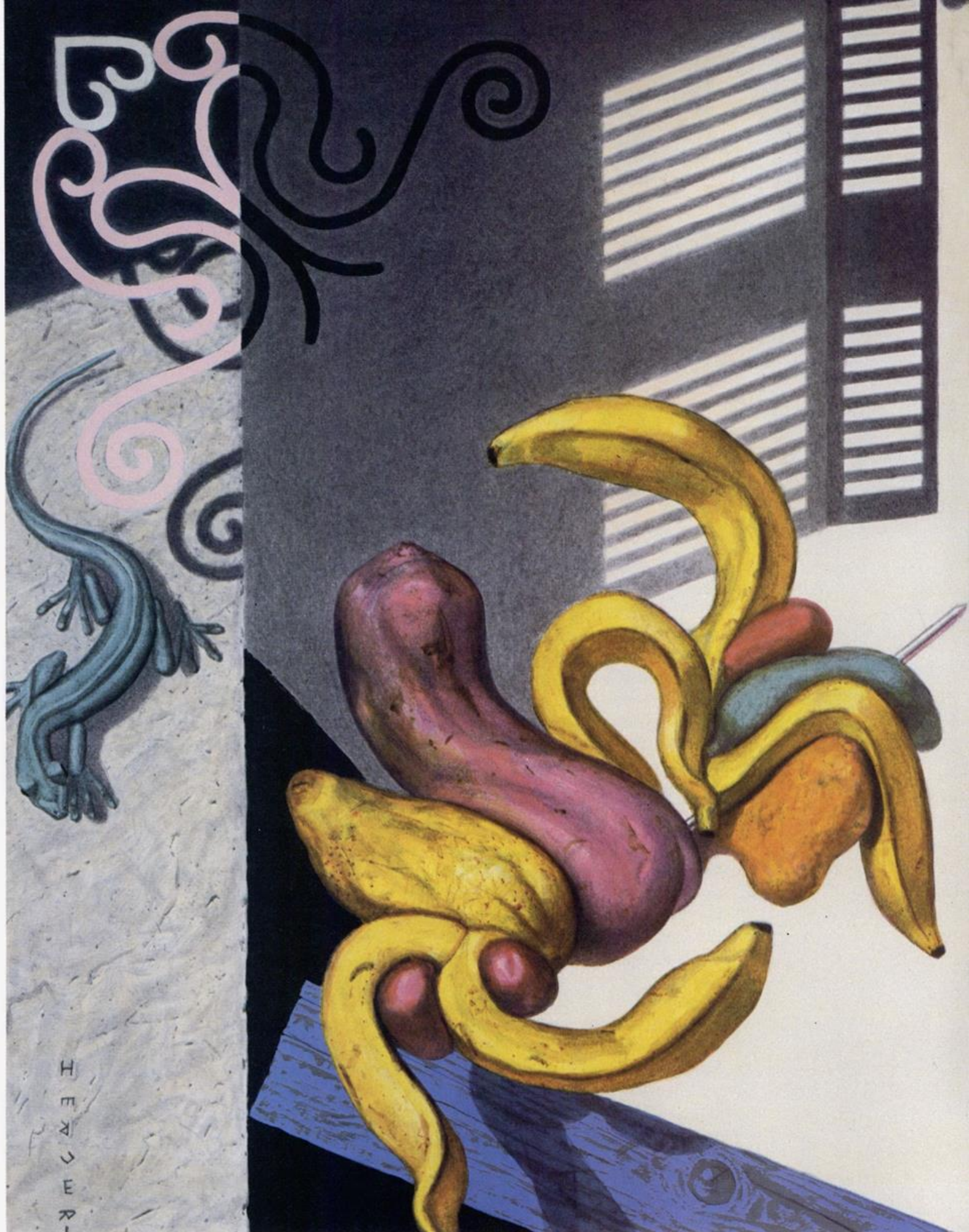
● **HIGH TIMES** is proud to present an excerpt from one of the finest books of dope journalism published in recent years: **THE FRUIT PALACE** by Charles Nicholl.

Four years ago, Nicholl was given a hare-brained assignment from an editor at a London publishing house: visit Colombia, penetrate the drug underworld, and write an exposé on it. Lured into accepting this impossible mission by dazzling prospects of lucrative serial rights, screenplays, and high level contacts, Nicholl naively flew to Colombia with a letter of introduction as his only lead.

Astonishingly, it all clicked. After stumbling into a shadowy world of dealers, junkies, and just plain oddballs, Nicholl returned to write a book that crackles with drug-crazed wit. His Colombia is a whacked-out society, an ever-changing kaleidoscope of corruption, incompetence, stupidity and greed. Yet it also contains a few pockets of sanity (most notably in Indian villages), and the author maintains a warm affection for the country's rich sense of the absurd.

Nicholl knows how to tell a good tale. Although his book is billed as a true story, we wouldn't be surprised if he hasn't slipped in a few well-polished yarns here and there. The following excerpt takes place in 1972 during the author's first visit to South America—just before the big coke boom blasted off. It serves as the book's prologue and stands nicely on its own. Next month, **HIGH TIMES** publishes an exclusive interview between Nicholl and our Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer. ●

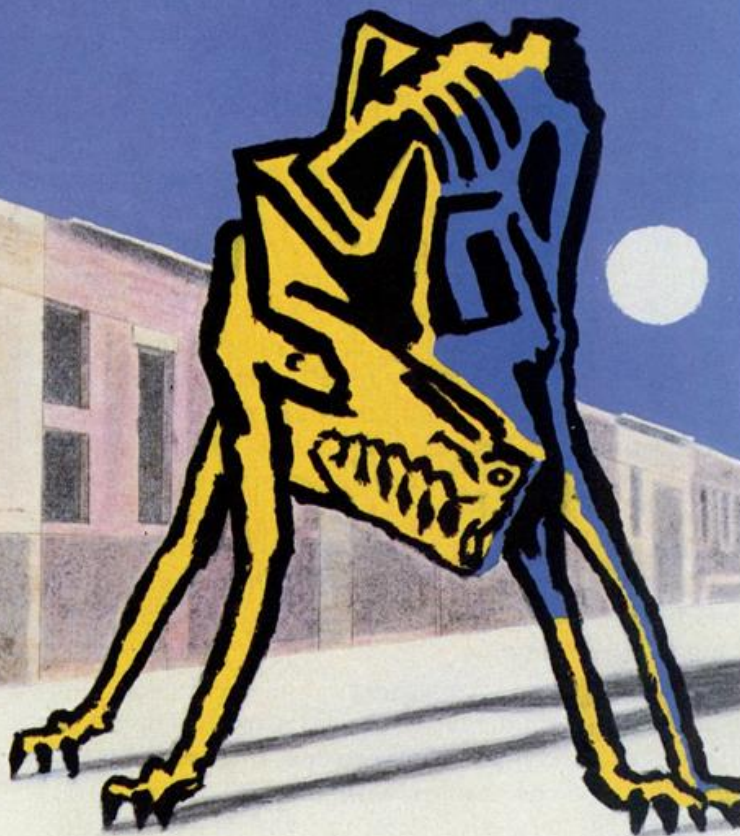
THE EDITORS



● ILLUSTRATION BY GREGORY HERGERT

THE FRUIT PALACE

Charles Nicholl



If these things have a beginning I suppose this began at the Fruit Palace, some twelve years ago now. The Fruit Palace was a small, whitewashed café, much like thousands of others in Colombia. It stood a couple of blocks up from the waterfront in Santa Marta, a hot, scruffy sea-port on the northern coast. The wooden sign outside read, 'EL PALACIO DE LAS FRUTAS, Cafetería Refresquería Residencias', the letters painted in bright, naïve colours, with a small study in fruit-oranges, mangoes, a half-sliced pineapple—in the bottom corner. The speciality of the house was the *jugo*, or tropical fruit juice, but you could also get the usual range of cheap meals, liquor, provisions, and of course the ubiquitous *tinto*, the small cup of black coffee that fuels the nation.

The Fruit Palace was always open and never crowded. People drifted in off the street, to trade a bit of gossip and rest from the weight of the sun. In the evenings a few dockworkers might come in for a game of *veinti-una*, with much shouting and slapping down of cards and tossing back of rum. I think Julio, who owned and ran the Fruit Palace, actually preferred business slow. He had dreams of getting rich, he had complex schemes for getting rich, but they were quite divorced from his day-to-day life. Whisking *jugos* was something to do while he waited for the big one to turn up. 'With a little bit of sweet and a little bit of sour,' he said, 'a man is happy.'

It was at the Fruit Palace that I had my first taste of the Colombian drug trade. Illegal drugs were, and still are, the economic and cultural heartbeat of Santa Marta. In the early 1970s, when I was there, it still primarily meant marijuana. Marijuana—known locally as *baretta*, *marimba* or *mota*—was local produce. The fertile lower slopes of the Sierra Nevada, lying to the south-east of the town, produced hundreds of tons of grass a year. Nowadays it is thousands of tons. Fiercely hot, plentifully watered, full of hidden cul-de-sac valleys, and mostly impassable to any vehicle larger than a mule, the *macizo* is ideal marijuana territory. Colombian grass is considered by many connoisseurs to be the finest in the world, and nine times out of ten this means one of the Sierra Nevada strains—Santa Marta Gold, Blue Sky Blonde, Red Dot, etc. These are pale, tan-coloured grasses, instantly distinguishable from the darker, moister, greenish-black stains—Mango Viche, La Negra—grown in the south of Colombia. A handful of flowering tops of Santa Marta Gold, *muños de oro*, looks like an exotic kind of rough-cut blond tobacco. The general rule is, the paler the gold, the stronger the grass. The palest weed is grown at the lowest range of the optimum growing altitude, around 500 metres above sea level, where the sun is hottest (any lower and the humidity saps the vital resins in the plant). The drug-lore further has it that these lower plantations run a greater risk of being discovered, and that the



potency of the *marimba* derives from the daring and panache of the *marimbero*, the marijuana planter. Probably most potent of all is Punto Rojo, or Red Dot, so-called for its tiny splashes of red on the gold buds. The legendary Panama Red is the same strain from a neighboring country.

In those days the vast marijuana market in the United States was mainly supplied by Mexican grass. It wasn't until the later 1970s, after a massive US herbicide campaign had wiped out many Mexican plantations—and what didn't get destroyed quickly lost its market as smokers started turning up in casualty wards with Paraquat poisoning—that Colombian marijuana reigned supreme. The profits were big, but they weren't yet in the mega-buck units they talk in nowadays. And so the resourceful Samario *contrabandista* was becoming increasingly involved in another illicit chemical: cocaine.

Santa Marta's involvement in the cocaine trade is a simple and vital matter of geography. The town stands precisely placed between the major producers and the major consumers of cocaine, between the *cocales* of Peru and Bolivia where the coca plant is intensively cultivated, and the United States where the refined end-product is snorted up by the truckload. There are plenty of side-doors along the way, but the basic route, then and now, is for the drug to be funnelled up north across the mainland as far as it can go, to the Caribbean coast of Colombia, and from there to be shipped or flown to the United States and Europe. In the phrase of a former president of Colombia, Santa Marta is 'a victim of its privileged geographic position'.

These were still the early days of the great cocaine boom. In America and Europe coke was the chic new chemical toy, the rock star's tippie, Ziggy's Stardust. Down in Colombia the big smuggling syndicates were just beginning to emerge and the two main *contrabandista* syndicates in Santa Marta—the Cárdenas and Valdeblanquez clans—were already battling for control of this hugely lucrative new market. But there was still plenty of room for independent operations, for the local cowboys and the gringo casuals and the small time dealers. The Colombian press carried regular reports of some gringo caught at customs with a false heel full of flake. For every one who got pulled there were nine who got through.

So, what with the dope and the coke, this part of the Colombian coast, and three towns in particular—the industrial port city of Barranquilla to the west, Santa Marta in the middle, and Riohacha out on the Guajira peninsula—were fast becoming one of the world centres for drug smuggling. In Santa Marta everyone one met, whether gringo,

"We'll put the flake on the table, the money on the table, and no monkey business," said Harvey.

Samario or drifting prospector, seemed to have a finger in the pie, some form of rake-off from some form of drug deal. There was even a missionary who discovered that the sacks of maize flour that the *campesino* farmers gave him to truck down to town were actually stuffed full of Punto Rojo grass. He came to an amicable agreement, whereby a portion of the profits was donated to the mission. In Santa Marta even God gets cut in on the deal.

The town had the feel of tropical smugglers' den. It was a rakish, seedy, avaricious little place, but somehow exhilarating in the way it lived according to its own laws. The whole thing felt like a game. It was hard to imagine Santa Marta as the world centre for anything. But often at night, lying in my hammock, I would hear the sound of freight trucks back-firing, and I would hold my breath because sometimes there followed a kind of shock-wave, a pattern of silence and shouts, that meant it was gunfire.

★ ★ ★

A few of the gringos who stayed at the Fruit Palace were putting together small deals of some sort. The coolest of these was Nancy. She was a swan-necked girl from Toronto, who always wore sunglasses. She had me fooled all the way. She was supposedly on the coast to buy and export some pre-Columbian gold pieces. She spent a lot of time with a big man called Luis, who seemed to have a bottomless supply of golden figurines and pendants, no doubt illegally looted from Tairona burial sites in the Sierra. This is another of Santa Marta's stocks-in-trade.

Nancy came and went a lot, but she kept the room paid up even when she wasn't there. Julio was transfixed by her. This exquisite *gringita*, paying twenty-eight days in advance, was like a holy vision to him. One day Nancy said she was going to Cartagena on business, would I perhaps like to meet up with her there in a week or so? My mouth dropped open with delight. She was a beautiful girl, and Cartagena was a beautiful town. Of course I'd like to meet up with her.

A few days later a telegram arrived for me at the Fruit Palace. It was from Nancy. Through a veil of misprints the message read, 'PLEASE FIND OUT PRICE AND CONDITION OF LUIS' GOLD FROGS DISCREETLY LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU COME ROOM 32'. I dutifully sought out

Luis. 'Tell her I've got ten frogs, ready to go,' he said. He named a price per frog.

'Is that in pesos or dollars?'

'She'll know.'

I took the bus to Cartagena, tingling with hopes of romance in the old white city. When I got there she seemed more interested in Luis's figures than in me, and to my disappointment she left the hotel early that evening and didn't return. The next I saw of her was two weeks later at the Fruit Palace. It was only then that she told me. I never learned the details, but I learned that the old 'frogs' had really been kilos of Santa Marta Gold, and that I had unwittingly couriered information for a drug-run out of Cartagena, now successfully completed.

I was aghast. How could she use me like that? Why had she used me like that? She shrugged. 'Timing. Security. I often use guys like you, places like this. It's like they say—innocence is the best cover.'

Thanks a bunch, Nancy. Her name wasn't really Nancy, either. She had another name in a hotel down on the sea-front, and probably a third name in Cartagena. I don't think I ever did see her without her sunglasses on.

I still have the telegram she sent me, a souvenir of something, I don't quite know what. You would think I might have learned my lesson, but just a few weeks later I found myself mixed up in yet another drug move. It was cocaine this time where the stakes are higher, the people crazier, and the comebacks nastier. From this night of folly I have no souvenirs, except the occasional flashback when my nerves are bad.

* * *

It was a Saturday night. I had no particular company. The back room had been empty since Nancy left. There were few tourists in town. It was April, the hot, slack month before the brief rainy season. Soon after dark I left the Fruit Palace and made for the sea-front, thinking to get a beer or two at the Pan-American, where they usually had a band playing on Saturday nights. A fat orange moon, two days past the full, squatted over the low hills inland.

As I crossed the Parque Bolivar I could hear the music already, but by a habit swiftly acquired in this small, predatory town, I crossed over the main beach-drag and walked under the tall palms of the promenade. Thus separated from the sea-front café, one could observe who was drinking where and select one's watering-hole accordingly.

The Pan-American was Santa Marta's smartest café. It had white tables laid out under a blue awning, and the legend 'Aire condicionado' emblazoned in scrolly red neon. Featuring that night on

the little stage in the corner was a Barranquilla trio, Bruno y su Jazz. Bruno was a squat, check-shirted *costeño* with an old Gibson electric guitar. He played fast, upper-register licks somewhat in the manner of Carlos Santana. His combo consisted of a ferrety bass-man in beret and sunglasses, and an energetic black drummer in a sleeveless blue singlet already soaked in sweat. Slightly off to one side, self-invited, an old negro in a hat was playing the wooden rhythm stick called a *guacharaca*. The waiters wanted to get rid of him, but he stood just inside the charmed circle of the music and they couldn't touch him.

Sitting alone at one of the tables was a gringo I didn't recognize—a 'pure' gringo from the United States, I guessed, as opposed to the hybrid European variety. He was smartly dressed in lightweight gear, mustachioed, bulky, balding, age indeterminate. He was sitting over a beer with his back to the music. He glanced fitfully over the magazine in front of him—doubtless *Time* or *Newsweek* but it was obvious he was waiting for someone. I took a seat at the next table, and when the song finished we got talking. He was from New York City, I learned. No, he'd never been in Colombia before, in fact he'd never been further south than Phoenix, Arizona, before yesterday. Yes, he was just here on vacation. He wore beige slacks and canvas beach shoes. They looked bought the day before yesterday. He had spilt something on one of them, and now he was spilling a bit of beer as he drank, and wiping the drips off his walrus moustache. He had a high-pitched voice, aggressive in the New York way, and rather catarrhal. He seemed to want to talk, but was anxious to keep a lookout for whoever he was waiting for. Quite a crowd had gathered for the music, and he craned nervously for a view of the sidewalk.

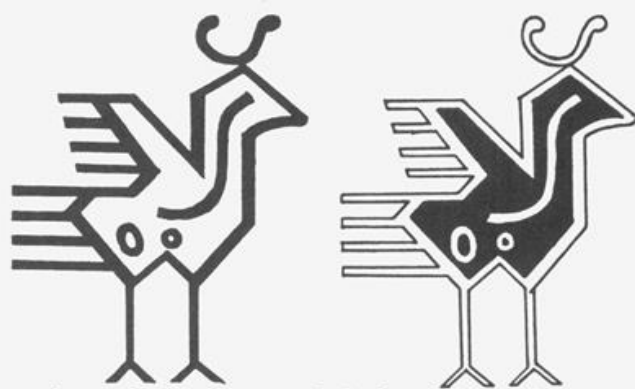
'You're waiting for someone?' I asked.

'Goddamn right I am,' he replied, with another irritated check at his watch. 'And it looks like he ain't going to show. He said he'd be here at 6. Lahs says. That's 6 o'clock, right?'

I agreed that it was. His watch said nearly 8. 'At a guess,' I bantered, 'you're waiting for a Colombian. They're not the best time-keepers in the world.'

Mañana, huh?'

He drummed his fingers on the table, drained his beer, said 'Aw, shit!' and dismissed with a wave the sidewalk and the person who wasn't hoving into view along it. I ordered two more beers. We formalized our meeting with handshake. His palm was cold and damp. His name was Harvey. He had been in Santa Marta twenty-four hours, he said, and the whole goddamn place seemed crazy.



GREGORY HERBERT

We drank and smoked, discussed Colombia, and eyed the *costeñas*, the stunning local girls, in their Saturday best. I was showing off rather, full of tips and lore and knowing the ropes. I would get my comeuppance soon enough. Harvey ordered more beers, in English. One of the things he didn't like about Colombia, he implied, was the Spanish language. Just a minor hassle, like the bad water, but someone back home should have warned him about it. He was getting a bit drunk now. He had been through three bottles of Aguila beer before I arrived. An unhealthy dew of sweat lay on his forehead. He looked pale and egg-headed among these laughing Samarios.

Bruno brought a long guitar solo to a climax of high, gull-like notes, then a dramatic pause before the final bar. This was spoilt somewhat by the old man with the guacharaca, who kept on hammering the stick on the neck of his rum bottle, dancing away with his eyes tight shut and a huge, obvious grin on his face.

It was in the lull after this number that Harvey leaned conspiratorially across the table. He was glad he had met me, he said, because he had this problem.

This did not entirely surprise me. In Santa Marta two and two do not infallibly make four, but a nervous, catarrhal gringo fresh into town almost certainly spells 'cocaine'. Sure enough. 'I'm not really here on vacation,' he explained. 'I've come down for a bit of business. You know— (he touched the side of his nose with his finger) 'Cousin Charlie.'

I nodded understandingly, but said nothing.

'Just a quick in and out job,' he added sharply. His look suggested that the way out was not at this moment quite clear. 'So there's a problem?' I said. He nodded, looked around, and leant still closer. In anticipation of a long and delicate story I said, 'Why don't we pay, and go for a walk along the beach?'

★ ★ ★

The story Harvey told me as we walked along the beach was simple enough. For a couple of years now, since arriving in New York from some backwood in Wisconsin, he had been doing a bit of small-time cocaine dealing. He loved

the stuff dearly, and the dealing was mainly to keep himself in 'candy' and make back the money his habit was costing him. He was living up in Queens, which has a large population of Colombian immigrants. Connections were easy. He would buy an ounce at a time, step on it a little with mannite, and knock it out in grams among his friends. He was vaguely connected with the music business, so selling it was no problem.

'For a time it was great,' he said wistfully. 'Plenty of candy, plenty of bread. Then you start getting greedy. You're doing two, three grams a night, seven nights a week. When you start getting greedy, it's trouble time. You can't walk away from it any more. That's when you're going to take a fall.'

Harvey indeed took a fall. He started selling larger quantities, and one day a Lexington Avenue street dealer 'pulled out a piece and spat in my eye'—robbed him, in other words, at gunpoint. Net result: half a kilo of cocaine, as yet unpaid for, 'down the john'. Fortunately for Harvey, the owner of the cocaine did not exact any violent retribution—'like they drop you in the river twice and pull you out once'. Instead he offered Harvey an arrangement. He needed someone to take care of a shipment from the Colombian end. If Harvey would look after it for him, he would forget about this unpleasant business of the missing half-kilo.

'I was fifteen adrift, man,' Harvey whined. Fifteen thousand dollars was what a half-kilo was worth in New York in the early seventies. 'I had no way of paying up. The man could cut me up into any shape he liked. He offers me a deal. No way I could refuse.'

'It all seemed pretty tight. He gives me Air Florida tickets, New York-Miami-Barranquilla-Santa Marta. He tells me where to go and who to deal with. He gives me a false-bottom valise with a stack of hundreds in it, plenty of spending money, and an ounce of free candy over the top when I get home. All I got to do is deliver the money, check the gear for quantity and quality, and see it on to the boat. Then I fly home, clean as a bone.'

We reached one end of the town beach. In the sand near the water's edge were black drifts of mica. Specks of pyrites, fool's gold, glinted in the diffuse, mauvish light of the town. A station-

wagon lurched noisily off the beach—drag into 22nd Street. It stopped outside a lit doorway where a knot of people were lounging. Two men got out and lifted a third, wrapped in a blanket, out of the back of the car. Another patient was being admitted to the emergency ward of the town's hospital.

Harvey asked what was going on. When I told him he said, 'Christ Jesus!' softly, and rubbed his hands up and down his white arms as if he were cold. We set off back up the beach.

Everything had gone fine, he said, till he got to 'this shityard Santa Marta' yesterday afternoon. He was supposed to meet his contact in the bar of his hotel in Rodadero—Santa Marta's tourist complex, a couple of miles out of town—at 6 o'clock. The contact, he had been assured, would have everything arranged, and he spoke perfect English. Harvey waited, but no one came. Then the barman brought him the phone—'a call for you, *señor*'—and someone was jabbering at him in Spanish. The caller eventually got the gist of the message across. Harvey's contact was no longer in on the deal; Harvey was to take a taxi into town the next morning; he was to go to the Hotel Venezuela and ask for someone called Manolo.

The following morning, the morning of this Saturday, Harvey did as he had been instructed. He met Manolo, 'a little jerk in shades', at the Venezuela. (I later looked over this establishment from the outside: a poky little clip-joint with barred windows up near the *mercado popular*.) Manolo told him the coke would be ready that night, and wanted to see the money. Harvey said the money was back at his hotel in Rodadero. Manolo said to bring all his stuff over from Rodadero, there was a room for him here at the Venezuela, the *portero* would look after him, and so on. Harvey did not like this arrangement, 'a back-to-the-wall set-up'. Manolo, on the other hand, refused to bring the *coco* over to Rodadero. Communication was difficult. They made a truce arrangement, to meet at the Pan-American at six. Already fearing a rip-off, Harvey sped back to Rodadero. His money-bag was still there. He sat guard over it all day, smoking cigarettes and listening to the clatter of the air-conditioner.

Harvey's second 6 o'clock in Colombia came and went like the first, waiting for a 'friend' who did not come, and so it was that a couple of hours later I had seen this balding gringo, casting a worried eye up and down the sidewalk outside the Pan-American.

This, broadly, was Harvey's account of the business so far. From what I knew about the cocaine racket, it sounded like the usual cloak-and-dagger stuff. So why was he telling me? And what exactly was the 'problem' he had mentioned, the

problem that I—I suspected—was in some way supposed to solve? I asked him.

'The problem?' he snapped. 'The goddamn problem is that I got to *do it*!'

'I'm sorry, I don't understand.'

'Look, Charlie. Everything about this score smells wrong. First my connection vanishes and I'm dealing with this little hood Manolo instead. Now *he* doesn't show. I've been sitting here scratching since yesterday afternoon and I haven't even had a taste yet. It all smells wrong. OK, ninety-nine times out of a hundred you walk away. No score, no nothing. Don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows, right? But this one's different. Number one hundred. I owe it to the man. I'm plumbed right into it.'

I murmured sympathy. We were sitting with our backs to a beach hut. The lighthouse on Morro Island was lit: they must have mended it, I thought. Harvey was looking at me thoughtfully. 'So what's your next move?' I asked.

'It's all a question of how we handle Manolo...'

'Just a minute, Harvey, *we* aren't...'

'I can read that guy like a clock, man! He's just aching to finger the money. What I got to do is make sure I get the candy in return. If he can't take the money and run, he'll come up with the gear. I'm sure of it. What I need is muscle.'

'Well, don't look at me, chum,' I said firmly. I am not what you would call 'muscle'. Surely Harvey could see that.

'I don't mean strong-arm stuff, man. I mean negotiating muscle.' He gripped my arm. The cards, at last, were landing on the table. 'I need two things, Charlie, and you can supply them both. First thing, I need space. I'm not doing any deal at the Venezuela. That's Manolo's patch. This place of yours, this Fruit Castle, sounds just about right. There'll be you, me and that guy of yours, Julio, all nice and cosy, and little Manolo with *his* back to the wall. We'll put the flake on the table, the money on the table, five-o five-o and no monkey business.'

'The second thing I need is someone who can speak the lingo. Shit, man. Manolo and me were just talking like babies at each other back there. You can't do this sort of business when you're talking like babies. I need an interpreter, Charlie, someone to whisper sweet nothings in that little cock-sucker's ear. What you say, man?'

Harvey was glinting and glistening at me. Whether or not he had convinced me, he had certainly convinced himself. He was riding high on his own hip talk. He was Harvey the streetwise superfly, the veteran of a hundred daring deals. I could see the fantasy gleam in his bulbous eye. All right, I thought: he wants to play Captain Cocaine, but do I want to play his bloody batman? Sitting



here years later, with the benefit of hindsight, it is easy to say I should have told Harvey politely but firmly to go and find someone else to talk him through his cocaine deal. But the night was hot, and these things have a logic of their own. There were risks, of course, but there were undeniable attractions. First, the carrot: \$250 on the nail for me, the same for Julio. Second, the story: I was supposed to be some kind of journalist, wasn't I? Third, the general scenario: suitcases stuffed with bank-notes, lashings of someone else's cocaine. In short, greed battled with fear, and greed won. 'Why not?' I said, and thus with a handshake I became the smallest of small-time accomplices in the cocaine trade.

From that point on everything clicked ominously into place. We headed back for the Pan-American. I skulked on the beach while Harvey scanned the tables from the promenade. He loped back clumsily through the sand. 'He's there, man!' he hissed, 'we're in business.' The next step was for me to consult with Julio. Harvey would meanwhile 'keep the little creep happy' at the Pan-American. Back at the Fruit Palace Julio listened patiently. He then said he didn't like *coco*, he didn't like Manolo, he didn't want trouble with the Mafia or the F-2, and consequently he couldn't let his place be used for a trifling 250. He wanted 500.

Back I toiled to the Pan-American. Manolo rose suavely to shake hands, a little man with a thin smile and gold in his teeth. His slicked-back hair shone like wet coal. I was relieved to see he was unaccompanied and, judging from the trim fit of his clothes, unarmed. I told Harvey of Julio's price. He grumbled but, as Julio had doubtless divined, he was in no position to refuse.

'OK, OK,' he said. 'Now, Charlie. I want you to explain it all to our friend here, nice and gentle. You tell him he does the deal our way or not at all. We meet at the Fruit Palace at'—he checked his watch—'at midnight. He comes alone, with the gear. Five kilos, as arranged. Any monkey business and the deal's off. OK?'

Manolo listened blandly to my polite schoolboy Spanish. It's all right, I thought. He'll simply say 'No' and the whole business will be over. But it was a night for wrong decisions, and what he finally said, with a last lingering look at both of us and a light shrug, was: 'OK, I'll be there.'

The arrangements confirmed, Manolo slipped away through the crowd like a lizard. Harvey let out a long sigh of relief and ran his hand up through his hair. Bruno launched into an up-tempo samba shuffle, and my heart raced along in time to it.

* * *

Midnight found the four of us—Julio, Harvey, Manolo and myself—sitting around the 'private table' at the Fruit Palace. The air was hot and sweet. A single light shone down on the table: coffee cups, ashtrays, a half-empty bottle of Medellín rum. The street door was shut and bolted. A passer-by might have seen the light under door, but he would have kept on walking, because at midnight on 10th Street the rule was always to keep on walking.

Harvey had arrived by taxi an hour before, stumbling in with two suitcases, one of them containing \$50,000. While we waited Julio tried to sell him some emeralds, but Harvey's mind was elsewhere and his palms were sweating, and he kept on dropping the stones. Now Manolo had just turned up—without the 5 kilos, but with a small *muestra*, a sample, instead.

Harvey did not like this. 'Where's the deal, man?' he whined. 'I want to see the deal.'

I translated, nervously formal. '*Harvey quiere ver toda la mercancía.*'

'I can get it. No problem. Half an hour.' Manolo spoke smoothly, with flashes of gold from his teeth. 'Doesn't Señor Harvey trust me?'

Harvey said, 'Shit, man. I can't afford to trust anyone. He knows that. I don't even trust myself.'

'Harvey is a little nervous,' I relayed reassuringly.

'Why doesn't he try the *muestra*? It's real good stuff. Ninety-eight percent pure.'

Harvey caught the last phrase, '*pureza de noventa y ocho por ciento*', and snorted tetchily. 'I've heard that up in Spanish Harlem. I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now.'

I told him to cool down and try the sample. Manolo pushed the small, rectangular fold of paper over to him. It was cheap lined paper from a letter pad. Harvey took it. Grumpily, but with gentle care, he opened it up and inspected the small, flattened heap of cream-coloured cocaine inside. He nodded abstractedly. It seemed to please him. He dabbed a bit on to the end of his forefinger and tasted it. Again he nodded. Now he wet his finger and took another dab, and watched while the powder dissolved. He held the finger out to me. There was a trace of grey, fluffy dust on it. 'The cut,' he murmured. This is a fallible test, I'm told—many 'cuts', or adulterants, are quite as soluble as the coke itself—but right then it seemed impressive enough. Harvey looked every inch the professional. He was on home ground at last.

Julio, slightly out of the arc of light, rocked back on the thin-legged café chair. He looked poised and philosophical, as always, but his brown eyes didn't miss a trick. Hardly moving a muscle, he called out for coffee. '*Hay tinto, Miriam?*' A sulky, droned 'Sí'

The Acid Apocalypse

A TRUE STORY BY
WHIZ BUCKLEY



JONATHAN ROSEN

In the spring of 1980, around the time when I first dropped acid, my friend Air Jay and I began work on a low-budget documentary on gold mining towns. On the weekend of May 18th, we decided to visit Ellensburg in eastern Washington to interview some old coots who lived and mined the mountains in the '20s and '30s. We needed to set up some interviews, do some stills, and hunt up some historical photos. We thought we could do it in one day. Ellensburg is on the eastern side of the mountains, some 120 miles from Mt. St. Helens as the crow flies.

Now, to put it mildly, we were not highrollers. As recent grads of Evergreen and the University of Washington, we were typical of any young artists—enthusiastic, willing to make do, willing to try anything, unfocused, exempt from mortality.

Starting out at 11 p.m. Saturday night, we headed for Snoqualmie Pass in Air Jay's limping Volvo. By 1 a.m., after we'd



nursed that poor old car over the top, we stopped to give the engine some breathing room. Standing under a shower of pristine starlight, we smoked a joint of ass-kicking Panama Red and reviewed our equipment: we had a camera, 20 bucks for gas, two sleeping bags, a copy of Raymond Mungo's book **FAMOUS LONG AGO**, some old Bob Dylan tapes, a cassette recorder, and two hits of LSD. The acid was some San Francisco special, beautiful blotter with one of our favorite masochistic characters etched on it in living color—Mr. Bill. We got back in the car and started driving. At 3 a.m. we crashed outside Liberty, the oldest gold mining town in the state.



We woke five hours later and found ourselves between a dewy forest and mountain creek. While washing, we heard faint rolling thunder in the hills.

"They're blazin' in the mines this morning," said Air Jay with roadlike weariness. We smoked a cigarette, threw the bags in the car, sucked down the tabs of Mr. Bill, and drove the last 45 minutes into the shit-kicking cowboy town of Ellensburg.

While riding down the wheat-colored foothills of the Cascades wearing a straw cowboy hat and listening to Dylan's country wail, I couldn't help but notice some frantic birds making disturbed flights across the roadside ponds. On the horizon, a western storm seemed to be building like a tidal wave. The bird cries were sharp and the wall approaching us loomed black and depthless. A hint of Mr. Bill reality was already edging in.

I took a drag on my cigarette, touched my brim and said: "Looks like a big storm brewing." I smiled foolishly.

At the edge of Ellensburg, we pulled into a drive-in, got some coffee, and asked the girl behind the counter what was up. Everywhere I looked birds and animals were rising up out of the landscape and heading for the hills.

"Didn't you hear?" she said. "Mt. St. Helens just blew up."

I looked out the window. A black cloud covered half the sky. Billowing toward us was the cloud's leading edge,

an undulating, mother-of-pearl wave.

We walked up to a State Patrol car—something we would never have done under other circumstances.

"Say, what's gonna happen here?" we asked the cop.

"Hell if I know, boys!" said the trooper. "Have a good time!" His car tires screamed as he roared out of town.

Even though we knew the acid would be hitting soon, we had no intention of following the patrol car the same way we'd just come.

"What'll we do?" I asked.

"Let's stick it out and see what happens," said Air Jay. "Come on, I know a good spot to check things out."

We drove to a big watertower bluff in the center of town. At the top we found several pickup trucks loaded with good ole boys and cases of Coors. They were whooping and yelling and tossing back 10 o'clock brew like it was the end of the world. I knew where these yahoos would be come New Year's Eve, 1999.

By this time the horizon of daylight had receded to a thin band of ochre to the west, a luminous nightfall. As we got out of the car, the acid began rolling over us. I started looking around for three crosses, two thieves and some Roman soldiers. Light and darkness were everywhere, biblical colors, seven of everything, and black puffs of cloud appeared over our heads like giant malevolent beasts coming to crush us.

"Uh-Oh," I said, impressed by the sudden inevitability of this vision. Powdered rock was falling on my cowboy hat in a gritty staccato. The smell of sulphur was everywhere. **"We gotta get outta here," I said to Air Jay.**

The horizon was closed down tight now, not a zipper of light left in the blackness—truly darkness, not at noon, but at 10:30 a.m. Pacific Standard Time.

"Come on," yelled Air Jay. "I know a place we can get to." When the horizon is black from end to end, you know there's no outrunning anything.

By the time we were on flat ground again, it looked like a blizzard outside the car and smelled like Hell inside. What the fuck had we done? The thought briefly crossed my mind that if we were gonna go, I hoped the acid would last long enough.

"Don't breathe!" yelled Air Jay. "We don't know what this shit will do to our lungs!"

Looking like dust-bowl bandits with our kerchiefs across our faces, we pulled up in front of some tract housing belonging to Central Washington State College. "Pam's brother Tom lives here," said Air Jay. "Let's check it out." The landscape looked like bad

TV reception of a 1950s post-war neighborhood.

Have you ever walked into a room flying on acid in the middle of an Apocalypse to meet a house full of straight refugees? No? Have you ever been trapped in the same room with two goofballs bouncing off the walls while the world falls apart outside? Well, maybe now you know what the next eight hours were like...

We alternately sat around fidgeting and rushing to the window, reaching new thresholds of freakout every ten minutes. The gray-night blizzard of ash raged outside, collecting in inches at the door and on the car. We were periodically yelling things like **"Outrageous!"** and **"This is fucking science fiction!"** The very fact this was happening at all, and that we happened to be on acid, seemed too cosmic to be an accident.

"Would you guys settle down. You're making us nervous," said Tom.

"Can't help it," I said with a shit-eating, end-of-the-world grin.

Whenever possible, we listened to local radio stations. Reception was sporadic. Although the lightning and thunder accompanying the eruption wreaked havoc with radio signals, it left the TV virtually untouched. This was probably the strangest thing about the whole experience: TV was entirely normal. That is to say, as it always was—no reports, no news, nothing but sports and Sunday morning religious shows.

We finally got the radio back on the line, only to hear two hysterical newscasters who sounded like they'd taken more drugs than we had...

"The Mountain just blew up AGAIN! It blew up at 11:30! OMIGOD, the whole Cascade Range is going up and sshrrffsz# @!#!——"

"Turn that fucking thing off," yelled Air Jay.

For just a moment, as I watched the utterly colorless world outside fill up with powdered rock, I imagined being entombed by hundreds of tons of ash—a tourist exhibit of the future. The geeks who would come by to view us would probably conclude that people of the 20th Century gathered together without any survival equipment, smoked drugs, sat around watching TV, and generally crashed ten to a room—all of which is pretty normal for any college town at any time, come to think of it.

"11:30," I said to Air Jay. We looked out the window and everything slowly went from gray to yellow, as if some sunlight was filtering in. We heard the plaintive mooing of cows left out in nearby fields, snorting up sulfur and ash. According to the radio, a second wave

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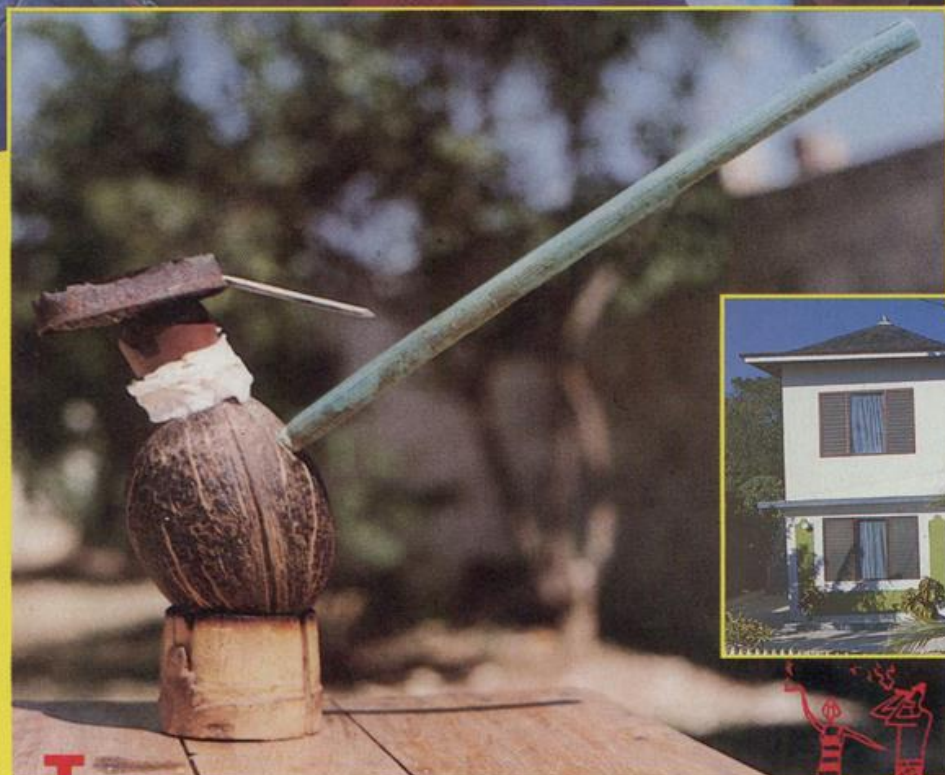
NEGRIL.

DOPE SMOKING PARADISE BY THE SEA

Looking for giant, purple-haired Rastafarian buds dripping with resin? Looking for a mindbending vacation in a sundrenched Third World country? Looking for a seven-mile long, white-sand beach with a live coral reef? Look to Negril, mon: potsmokers' Shangri La.

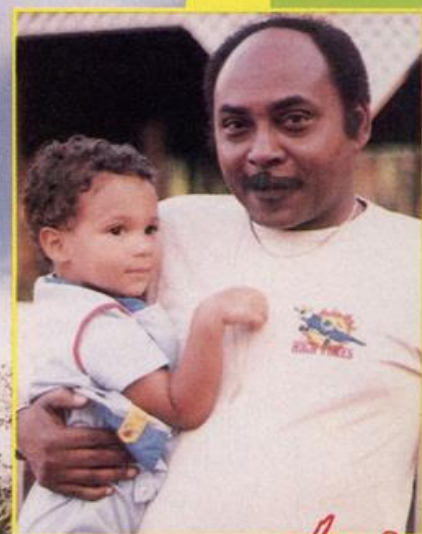
Negril started out as a small, peaceful fishing village in Western Jamaica and rather suddenly mutated into the massive, hedonistic resort center it is today. The principal architect for this transformation seems to have been a motley assortment of hippies, rudeboys, and international smugglers.

The hippies came first and brought an era of relative calm and prosperity. They respected the environment, mixed well with the locals, and came armed with nothing but backpacks, sleeping bags and a great love for ganja. In fact, they taught the local farmers modern techniques for cultivating superior ganja, which explains why the finest pot in the country grows on the hills surrounding the town. In the early days, Negril was a cherished secret passed by word-of-mouth. But the secret spread quickly, maybe too quickly.

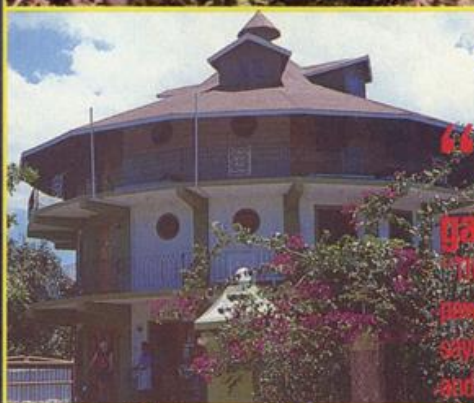


The dealers, smugglers and small time hoods arrived in massive waves throughout the '70s, bringing tons of money, plenty of excitement, and an overdose of paranoia. They came armed with real guns and their favorite diversion was freebasing cocaine. Although ganja was the bedrock of the local economy, cocaine became the standard for success. Negril became a party town. Even today, the party never stops.

Tourist society in Negril can be divided neatly into three sections: The Beach, The Cliffs, and Hedonism II. The beach is a breathtaking, seven-mile strip dotted by occasional bars, hotels and thatched roof refreshment stands. For a modest fee you can rent a guide, snorkeling equipment and boat to visit the nearby live coral reef.



OFFICIAL HIGH TIMES INTERFOLD TASTER



“Negril is like a chess game,” says one frequent visitor.

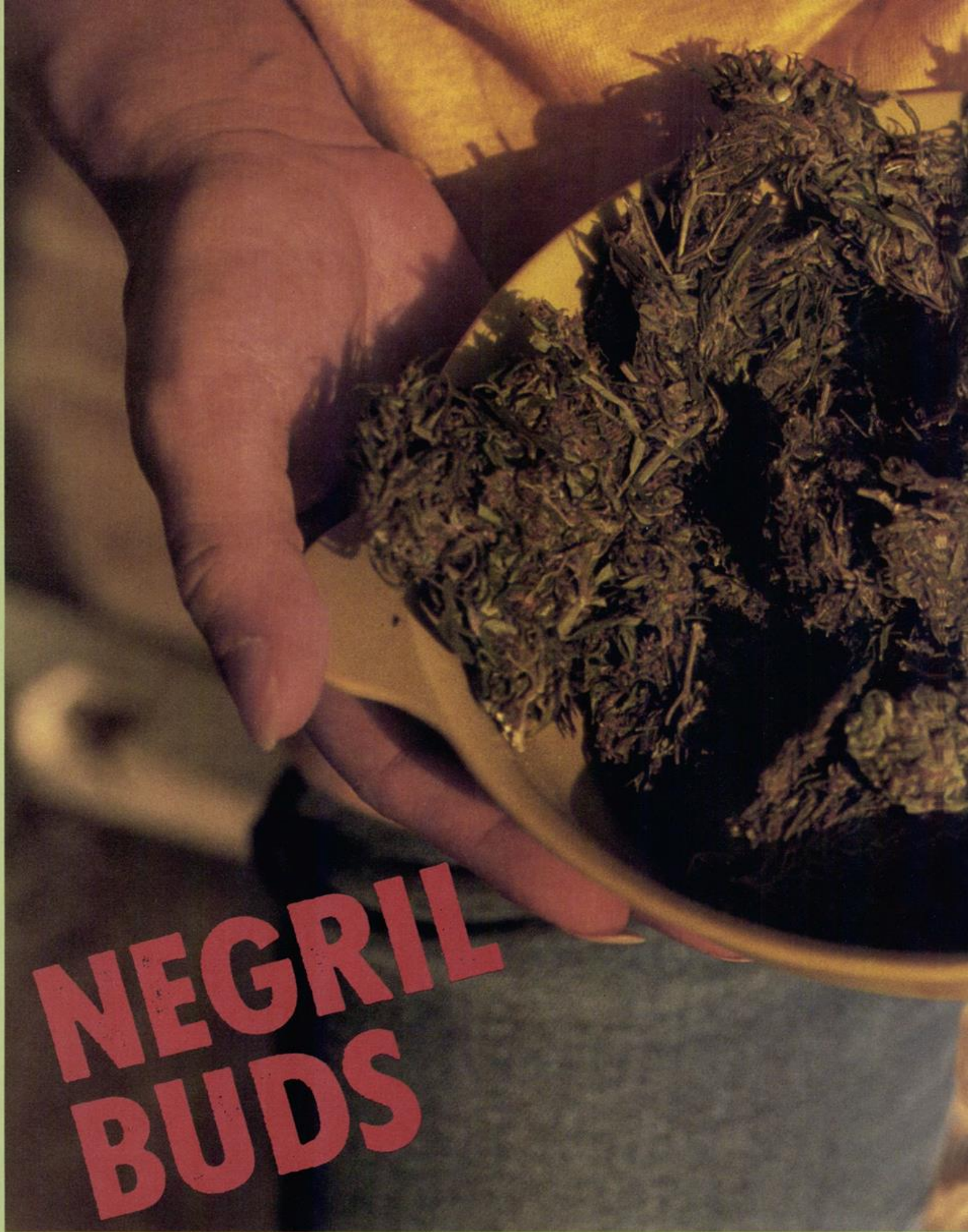
“This year, I kept getting checkmated by pawns.” This is just a friendly way of saying the town is full of hustlers, pimps and con artists. Although easy to spot, the con artists are difficult to avoid since they bear down on tourists with all the stealth of runaway freight trains. When dealing with them, it is best to keep in mind their behavior is often a result of desperate poverty and as long as you remain polite and friendly, there won’t be any problems.



The cliffs are located on the west end of town and housing here tends to be slightly more primitive—and somewhat cheaper—than accommodations on the beach. The cliffs are made of ancient black coral and contain several spectacular underground grottos and caves. Cliff dwellers tend to be less uptight and more interested in finding the “real” Jamaica than their tourist counterparts on the beach.

For those who want to feel like they’ve never left the States, however, Hedonism II is the best alternative. Located on the eastern end of the beach, Hedonism II provides an endless supply of sun, surf and booze, all contained within a closed, guarded compound. Food, drink and cigarettes are included in the daily fee. For the most part, Jamaicans don’t hang out at Hedonism II. Some locals refer to it as a “zoo”.

It’s easy to settle into a pattern of pure self-indulgence in Negril. The last time we went, we visited Alfred’s on the beach during the mornings (playing basketball and swimming). Most of our afternoons, however, were spent visiting pot fields in the hills or snorkeling off the cliffs. Sunset (a very important time of day in Negril) was best at Kaiser’s on the cliffs. Our favorite spot for dinner was the Mariner’s Inn, where the chef serves up an incredible pan-fried Red Snapper. At night, there’s always a live reggae band playing somewhere.



**NEGRIL
BUDS**



The quality of ganja, however, varies considerably. The worst (A) is sold at the Montego Bay airport. The best varieties include local indica (B) and sativa sinuella (C).



GANJA: State of the Herb

by Flick Ford

In Jamaica, ganja can be purchased easily, in any town, at any time, on almost any street corner. Smoking is open and prevalent. Officially, it's illegal. Unofficially, it's no problem, mon.

The best ganja in Jamaica grows in the hills surrounding Negril. Scoring is painless and can be done at many hotels, bars or street corners. Do not score from seedy-looking characters hanging out in the center of town.

It is preferable to buy during the day. Get a good look at the product before handing over the money. Remember, you are not compelled to buy. In fact, the dealer may respond to a refusal by offering something of better quality.

You will be offered pot shortly after arriving at the airport in Montego Bay. Don't buy it. It is mediocre, and it is sold at vastly inflated prices. Be prepared to pay at least \$10 for a chola, or bud (14" approx.) in Negril.

Once in Negril, look for one of two varieties: purple-haired sativa sensimilla, or green, resin-soaked indica. Both types may take time to locate. Consult a dozen street dealers. Take a local to dinner. Ask around the bars. The search is half the fun. Just don't panic and settle for dried-out brown buds filled with seeds.

Eventually, the search will end. You will have the perfect bud, but not the perfect high. The perfect high comes later—at your first **Chalice Ceremony**.

The Chalice Ceremony is a stoned-out, Jamaican version of the Buddhist Tea Ceremony. Many tourists come to Jamaica for years without sharing the chalice with a Jamaican. I was lucky. I experienced it on my first trip.

One afternoon, I arrived at a Jamaican grower's house. He ushered me and my friend Lee Danison into his back yard. He asked us to sit on a gnarly couch carved from the end of a log.

The grower produced a large indica bud and began trimming it, carefully popping a few stray seeds and setting them aside. After grooming the bud, he held it up for inspection. "The lamb's bread," he said. The bud was luscious, streaked with red, dripping with resin. He broke off the top.

He produced a strange smoking contraption made of a coconut shell filled with water, a rubber pipe and a clay cylinder. He put the top of the bud into the cylinder. He lined the rim of the coconut shell with wet newspaper to achieve an airtight seal. Then, he placed the cylinder into the coconut shell. He put a perforated sardine tin filled with burning coals on top of the cylinder.

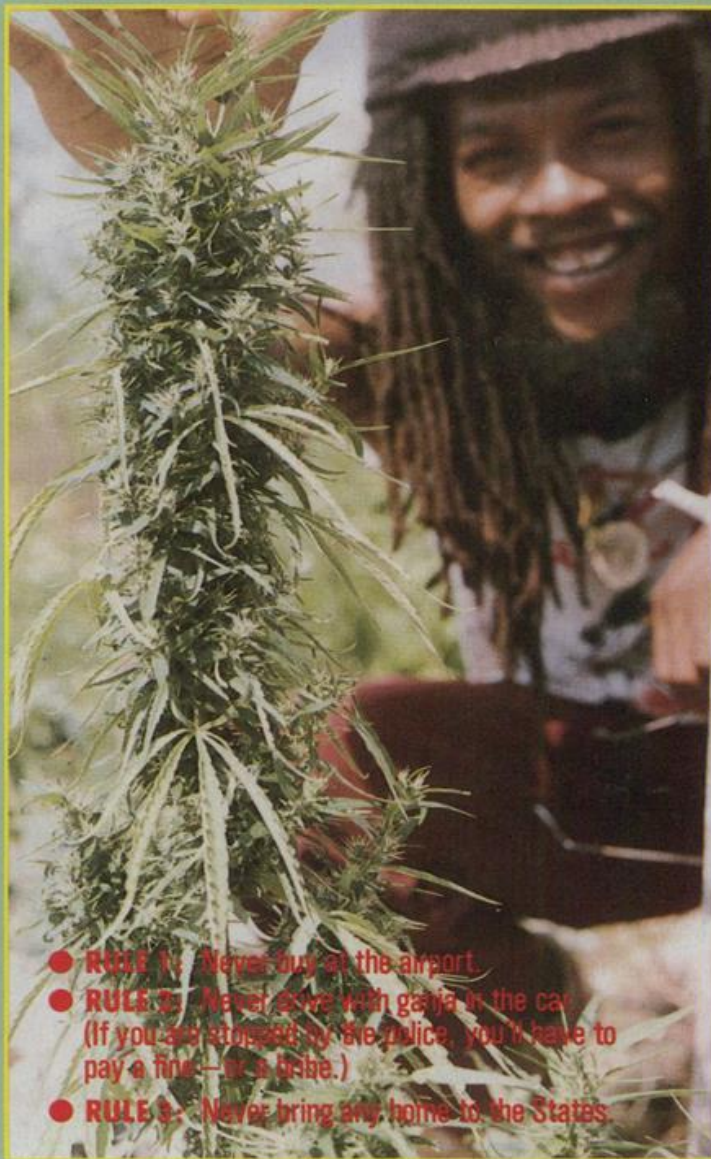
The first toke was definitely the red hairs of the bud, the pistuli. It tasted like hash oil. The smoke was incredibly smooth, cooled by water and flavored by burning coconut coals. I took deceptively big hits. I exhaled three times and still had a blue cloud coming out. The grower pointed to a crack in the cylinder. Green oil was oozing forth.

After about five hits, the grower removed the charred bud. He inspected it and plucked a burning flower. He looked at Lee and myself and handed the flower to me.

No one told me what to do, but I instinctively cupped the burning flower in my hand and smoked it down to a twig, while the grower rolled the remainder of the bud into giant spliffs.

Beers were brought out. I stood up quickly and got an intense, white-out rush. I landed back on the log. Everyone roared with laughter. I wisely decided to stay seated for a while. We drank and shared a joint.

"Ganja is truth to the Jamaican," said the grower. "The man who smokes ganja in a chalice can stand outside himself and take stock of himself." He also explained that most Jamaicans have very little personal wealth, so this experience tends to be even more profound for them. "A man can hide behind the herb or use it for truth." We sat quietly and finished our beers. Meanwhile, as each minute passed for the next half hour, I soared into higher and higher realms of consciousness. ●



- **RULE 1:** Never buy at the airport.
- **RULE 2:** Never drive with ganja in the car. (If you are stopped by the police, you'll have to pay a fine—or a bribe.)
- **RULE 3:** Never bring any home to the States.

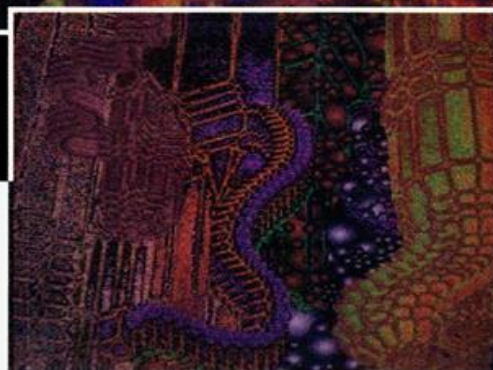
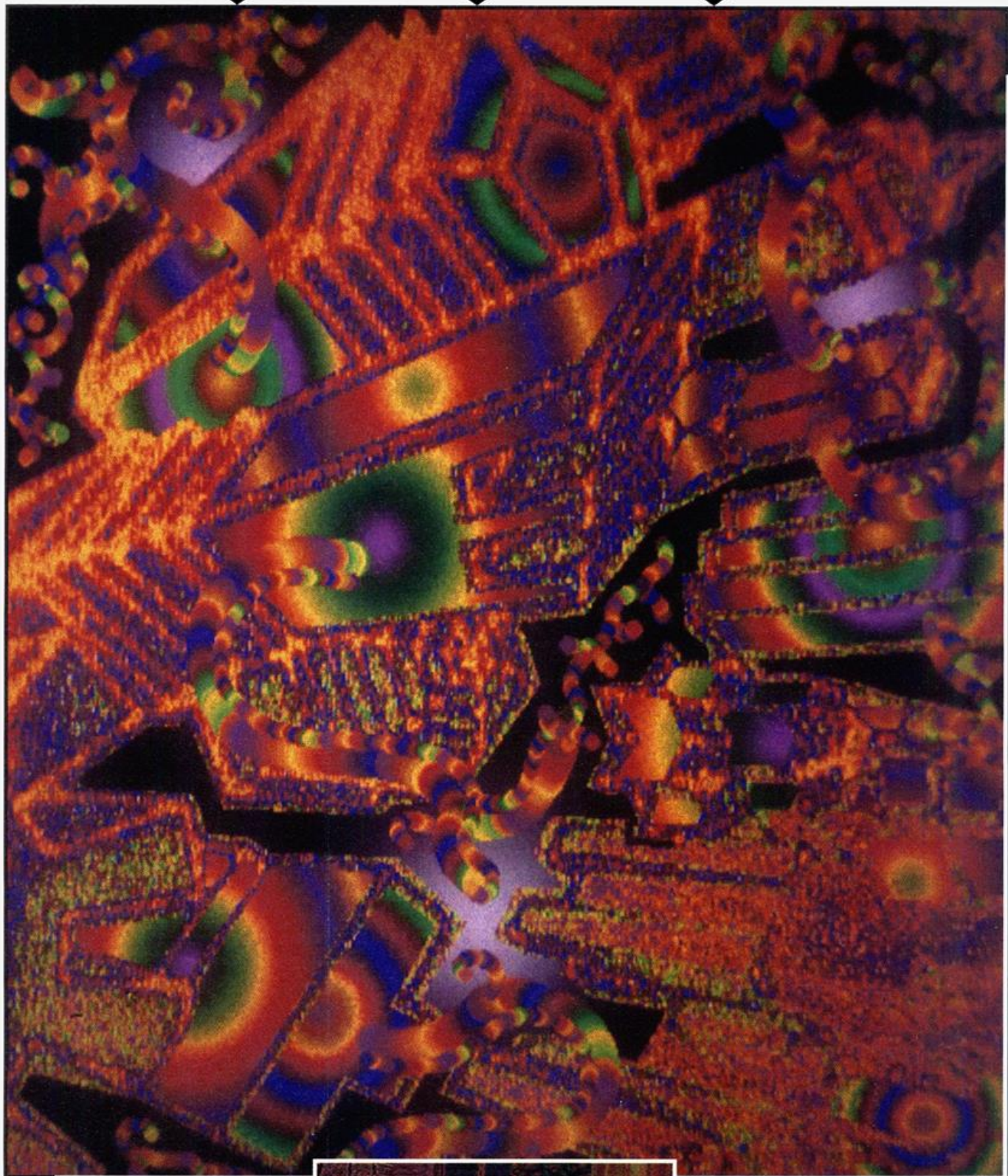


RECALLING PSYCHEDELIA: Another Generation Wasted?

The volume on the amplifier of the collective unconscious is turned up all the way. It is hissing a wall of crackling white noise, the empty sonic stare of static, the pure raw energy of that void. Then, like some instinctive radio receiver tuned in on shamanistic mindwaves, it picks out of the infinity of memory the possibility of the lost forgotten chord of psychedelic art. The thought of visual hallucination can repeat itself in an endless variety of ways until the idea is a distortion. That bizarre beading condensation beats its own pulse of nostalgia as it builds in form.

BY CARLO McCORMICK

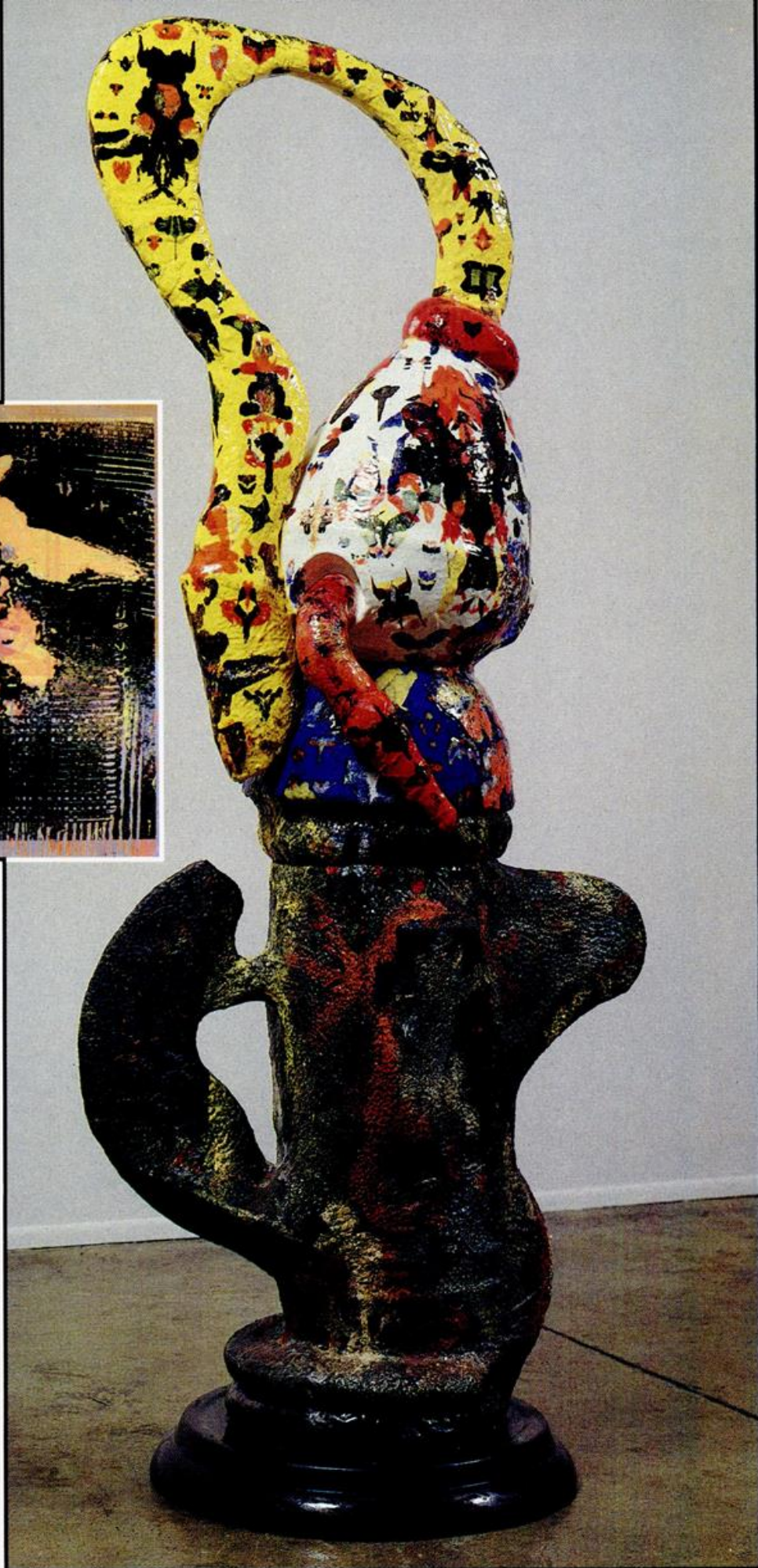




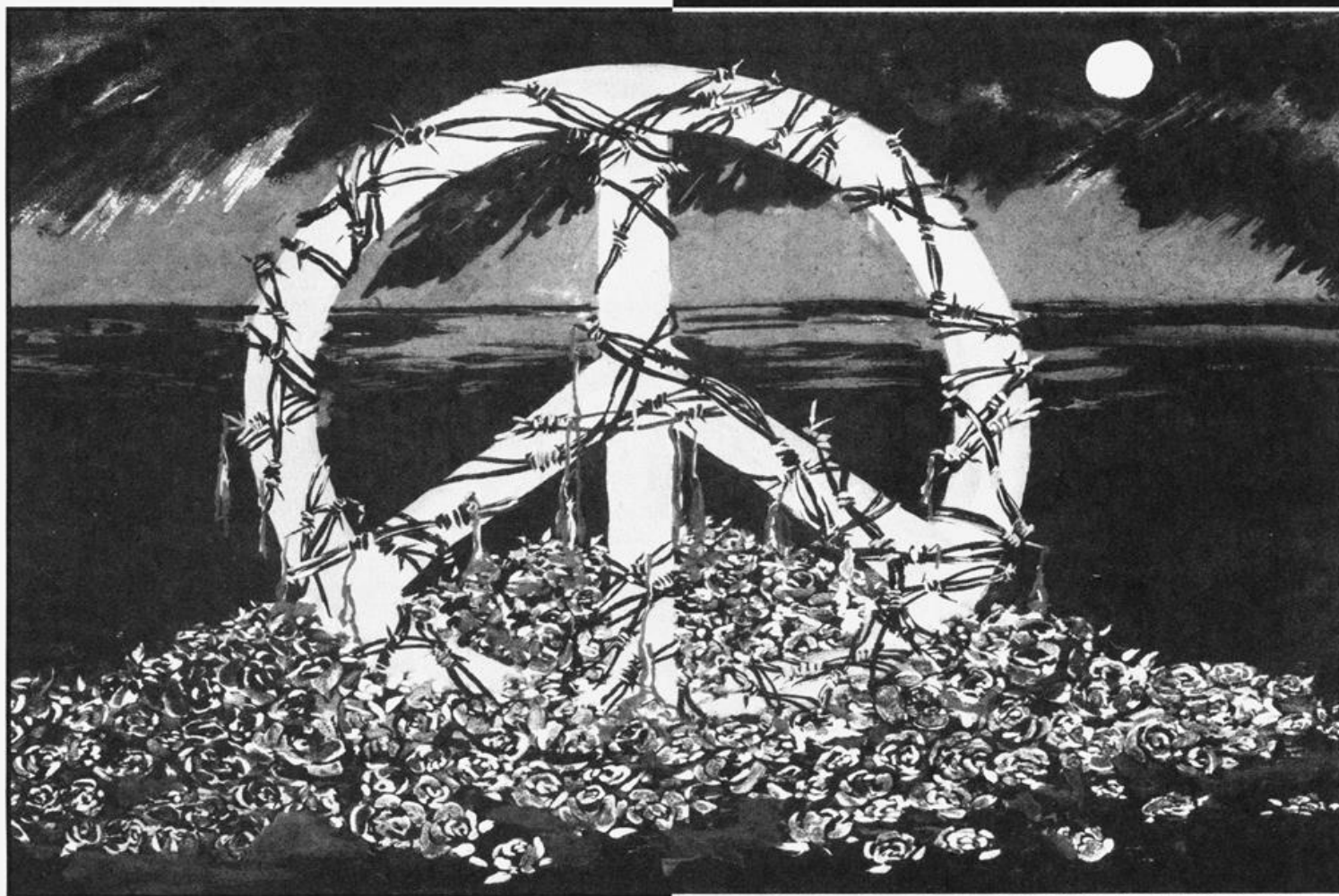
MANUEL DE LANDA



STEVE MILLER
NARCOSYNTHESIS.



MARK MCLOUD
SOLE SURVIVOR STORY



It just keeps on hearing itself, seeing its own weird reflection, feeding on its own rancid infected corpse, growing exponentially with every timeless second. Soon it will be an awesome feedback, louder than imagination itself. Can't you feel it mushrooming in your skull into a big boom? POP!! All our eyes will bleed. Every image will dance and contort to the primal screen of fantasy, the plague of insanity. The walls of reality rupture. Brain splitting. Mind blowing. Will we ever be the same again? ●

The Cure

by Michael Parzini



JAMES ROMBERGER

"Where's Morales?"

The Whale lay fully clothed beneath his blanket on the bottom bunk in his cell, chilled to the bone in Four Block's ninety degree heat. He was terminally dope sick, suffering from a lack of heroin. Goosebumps rose like welts on his massive, tattooed arms. His rheumy eyes refused to focus. Sweat glistened on his broad forehead. Snot ran from his nose in an uninterrupted flow that he wiped unceremoniously on his blanket.

Hours ago his prodigious stomach had surrendered its contents. The sour-green bile was gone but the dry heaves remained. His brain was disoriented, feverish. One thought, however, recurred with insistent clarity. A question.

"Where's Morales?"

The two o'clock shift had arrived 40 minutes ago, but correction officer Morales hadn't been among them. Every three days Morales was rotated to Four Block on a tour of duty. After shift change, he was supposed to fake an extra body count, walk by the Whale's cell, and toss a package between the bars. It had been three days since the Whale had seen Mor-

ales. Three long days since he'd received his medicine.

The Whale thought back to his last consignment. It had been stamped with the word "Toilet" and bore a distinctive red commode. Down in Alphabet City, the insignia was synonymous with quality white skag. Unfortunately, this batch had been garbage, providing only a brief rush and no holding power. It had been a bad batch or counterfeit. Before the day was through, the Whale had veined it all. Now he was ill. Morales was late. And the Whale had no way of contacting him.

When the Whale was busted for the attempted robbery of a dust dealer some weeks ago, he wasn't detained long at the Sixth Precinct. One look at his squat, 250-pound body, his strangely innocent cherub face, and the hypo marks wound round his arms and the police transported him directly to Manhattan arraignment court, Part 1A. Cops have a pretty good idea who will self-snitch under pressure. Besides, they had plenty of evidence, including the dust dealer's sworn complaint.

Later that afternoon, Lynch received the Whale's phone call and rushed to arraignment court with \$5,000 stuffed haphazardly in his pockets. He intended to immediately post bail. Bail, however, was set at \$60,000. Cash. No collateral.

The \$60,000 did not worry the Whale. Inspired by a long-standing familiarity with Lynch's cocaine empire, he was arrogantly confident Lynch would post the money. After all, the Whale was Lynch's bodyguard and he knew many felonious details about his employer's business—names, places, dates. He might be reprimanded for peripheral activity, the robbery, fine. But Lynch would never allow him to go to jail.

He was right. Lynch left the courtroom to pick up the additional money. But before Lynch cleared the door, the Whale was called before Justice Rothwax and the Clerk announced the existence of three outstanding warrants, including a three-year-old assault and robbery of a Colombian national, a weapons charge relating to the former, and a parole violation.

Warrants were bad news. Ordinarily, a special hearing would be convened and the judge would set additional bail on the charges. But the parole violation was a different story. Regardless of guilt or innocence, no bail could be posted on a parole violation. No matter what.

Lynch knew that a demanding two-year-old heroin gorilla rode the Whale's back. He also knew that the Whale faced the unpleasant prospect of kicking cold on Rikers. When he returned, he immediately set to work on a scheme. The following day, he located a Puerto Rican correction officer named Morales who hacked on Rikers.

Three days later, after four sick days of incarceration, the Whale received his first heroin care package.

Rikers Island is a penal colony of vast proportions. Crammed inside are thousands of unconvicted trial prisoners and inmates sentenced to terms of less than three years. The inmate population includes six thousand juveniles, boys and girls. Security is lax. There is no need for perimeter fences or watchtowers. If the patrol boats don't get you, the treacherous currents will.

©Copyright Michael Parzini, 1986. "The Cure" is excerpted from *Snowburn*, a novel-in-progress.

Four Block is buried inside a huge, concrete barn. The interior looks like a movie set for a Cagney jailhouse flick. Three tiers sit perched atop each other. Accessed by walkways, the top tier has witnessed many inaugural flights. ("Look! There goes that snitch, Charlieeee...") There are 50 cells to a tier and two residents in each cell. Privacy? Forget it. Peace and quiet? Ha! What little sunlight gets through is diffused through barred windows of semi-opaque glass. No blue sky. Only colors of institutional green, morgue grey, and, of course, the weekly splatterings of hemoglobin red. The stench of disinfectant permeates the air, everything is coated with a patina of grime, and everywhere you look are...residents.

Residents. A term used mostly by guards. Blacks, whites and Latinos, a few token Indians and Orientals. Hardcore hypes with cold eyes and fast hands. Thals from Neander. Magnons from Cro. Felons and misdeameaniacs. Four-foot Ricans with five-foot shanks. And, in a ground floor cell towards the rear of the block, a feverish leviathan in a class by himself.

Years ago, the Whale had been a member of the Pagans, a typical outlaw bike club. Pagans scouted for new prospects at the gates of penitentiaries and state mental hospitals. After about six months, the Whale proved too independently outrageous even for them. His unauthorized armed robberies and devotion to heroin forced his resignation, despite his having earned the prestigious Grey Coffin Wings.

Wings were awards. Red Wings were the easiest to earn. The patch was simple in design: a pair of red eagle wings, joined together in the middle like an RAF insignia. To earn them, the biker was required to go down head first on a woman well into her 28th day. Slurp slurp. The bloodier the better. The procedure to earn the Black Wings was the same, but the woman had to be black. Same with the Yellow China Wings—an Oriental girl. Then there were the Grey Coffin Wings—the ultimate patch—a tombstone set between two grey wings. The patch, also known as the Formaldehyde Eagle. The same kind of formaldehyde found in funeral parlors. Slurp slurp.

Back in the old days, the Whale ripped off a coke dealer and was later shotgunned point-blank by the same dealer. The Whale's stomach looked like ground zero after a nuke blast. But his corpulent gut slowed down the .410 pellets and the Whale survived, minus a bellybutton. Big mistake on the part of the dealer, using too small a gauge for whale hunting. Not a week after his release from Beth Israel Hospital, the Whale trapped the dealer in a cul-de-sac alley. He didn't repeat the dealer's mistake. With almost surgical care, the Whale performed a 12-gauge, double-buck, spinal diffusion and radical ulcer operation, accomplished without the aid of anesthetic.

The Whale willed his tortured body off the bottom bunk and stood peering out between the bars at Four Block's dungeonlike gallery. Morales was nowhere to be seen. The ground floor gallery with its stationary card tables and seats was deserted. The residents were presently locked in their cells, awaiting chow.

*Weakness. Vertigo. Chills. Heat flashes.
Diarrhea. Cramps. Muscle pains.*

The resident with whom the Whale shared his cell lay asleep on the top bunk, out cold. To the courts he was known as Lawrence Delroy Johnson. The name he

preferred, however, was Islamic: Enlightened Brother Abdul Rashida Mohamed. But everyone called him Shotgun. Shotgun was a tall, sickle-cell anemic takeoff artist of Nubian persuasion who ripped slow-walking geriatrics, uptown dope connections, and an occasional downtown fag. He was a serious hype. When pickings got lean, he practiced cattle rustling. Super-market London broils were his main meat, 50 cents on the dollar. The one thing he had going on Rikers was an uncanny ability to sleep his time away. Some kind of intrinsic bio-clock jolted him awake just for meals. The only other time he stirred was shortly after Morales delivered drugs, at which time Shotgun would beg a small cotton shot.

The Whale looked at the top bunk and muttered a curse. Latinos were jabbering loudly from cell to cell in barrio Spanish, two TVs at both ends of the gallery were going full volume, and disco blasted from multiple speakers. With every nerve in his sick body screaming for sedation, the Whale felt an overpowering urge to punch Shotgun into wakefulness.

He repressed the impulse and fired a Pall Mall. It tasted bad, like cat shit and seaweed. He crushed the butt underfoot and noticed movement down on the floor. A lone cockroach was attempting a kamikaze dash across the open concrete expanse, heading for a moldering Snicker's fragment.

Deep in his heart, the Whale believed the first Adam and Eve cockroaches had hitchiked here by way of Ricans—Costa Ricans, Puerto Ricans, Mexa Ricans. To him, all Latins were the same: they were Ricans. And he equated Ricans with roaches and detested both.

The Whale allowed the cucaracha to come within an inch of its objective before his boot fell.

"Yoo, Yessie!" someone called loudly, invoking his true name with a Latin inflection. (Jesse was not called the Whale to his face.)

He turned toward the front of the cell. No one was there, the gallery was deserted. The call hadn't originated in the adjoining cells.

"Yessie!" the disembodied Rican voice called again.

Confused, the Whale looked at the top bunk. Shotgun slept, dead to the world.

"Yoo, Yessie...Over here...Back wall..."

Realization struck. A plumber's catwalk ran like a Vietcong passageway behind the cells. And there existed a vent in the back wall through which a person could call, a person standing in the passageway, someone like...

MORALES!

The Whale moved quickly to the vent. "That you Morales?"

"Yeah, is me. Can I talk?"

—*"Have you got the stuff?"*

"Yeah-yeah, but wait. I got first somesing to tell you. Lynch is worried. He say for you to hold ya head and stand up."

"That's the message?" asked the Whale. "That's all Lynch said?"

"Yeah. Hold ya head and stand up, man."

The Whale hesitated, thinking of a suitable response. He did not like what Morales had said, but it was what the Rican had *not* said that really bothered him.

According to jailhouse vernacular, expressions like 'Hold your head up and stand up'—especially coupled together, contingent on circumstance—strongly inferred that someone was involved in a stage of snitching to the police. Either they had or were about

continued on page 70

Dear Ed,

Last year I started my plants indoors in February and moved them outside in five gallon buckets when it got warm. My medium is a mix of 1/4 forest soil, 1/4 cow manure, 1/4 peat moss, 1/4 sand, and 2 tablespoons 5-10-5 plant food. The plants are in the middle of an open field so they get plenty of sunlight.

The problem is that the plants only grow four feet tall and they have only small loose buds. How can I get the plants larger with more buds?

—Stumped Steve,
S.W. Pennsylvania

It sounds like your planting mix is on the acid side and this decreases the plant's ability to absorb nutrients. Add lime to the planting mix so that the pH is over 6.2 and lower than 7.

Dear Ed,

I've had some seeds in storage for about eight years in Arizona. They were stored at high temperatures. I have tried to germinate them without any success. Is there a technique to use or should I give up on these babies?

—Thanks,
Name withheld,
Wakefield, Kansas

Seeds contain an embryo of the plant. Its rate of metabolism is slowed to a very slow pace, but the organism is alive. Light and heat, changes in temperature—especially freezing and unfreezing several times—and moisture all can weaken or kill seeds.

It sounds like your seeds underwent heat stress. Although most of them seem to be dead, you might try germinating all of them under favorable conditions. A few hardy individuals may be weakened but alive. Place them in a moist medium about 1/4 inch deep. Keep the temperature in the low 70's F (about 22 C) and dust with a fungicide.

For long-term storage the seeds should be dusted with a fungicide and packed with diatomaceous earth and a moisture absorbing gel. The contents should be placed in an airtight container and stored in the freezer until ready to use. The freeze kills a small percentage of seeds but the others remain viable for many years.

Dear Ed,

My indoor farm is 4' x 4' x 5'. I light it with ten 4' fluorescent lamps which I calculate put out about 33,000 initial lumens.

I am thinking of converting to a 400W metal halide and have two questions. The 400W MH emits a total of 40,000 lumens. Is it worth the conversion? Other than lumen output do MH lamps have any advantage over fluorescent lamps? In such a small system does it pay to use a 1000 lamp?

—Thanks,
Jim,
Rockville, Maryland

The initial difference, about 7,000 lumens, is about 21%. The difference widens as the lamps age. Fluorescents lose intensity faster than MHs.

The MH's light spectrum may be used more efficiently than the fluorescents. For instance, 87 lumens of MH spectrum light is the equivalent of 100 lumens of cool white light.

Given adequate supplies of nutrient, water and CO₂, plant growth would increase in a proportionate ratio with the change in light energy that they receive. An MH lamp would increase the garden's growth rate. A 1000W lamp would increase the growth rate further.

Dear Ed,

Last year my father started numerous plants indoors. The healthier ones were replanted outside in the backyard. My six year old brother didn't want to be left out of the family project. We had extra seeds to spare, so he dropped his own seeds. My father and stepmother took good care of their plants. But my brother, needless to say, didn't do anything (so we thought) that would help his plants thrive.

As weeks passed, my brother's plant seemed to be making very little progress. Maybe this was due to the fact that he liked to run his trucks into the plant. Sometimes he didn't want to be bothered to make unnecessary trips to the bathroom. We had a bush-fenced yard which gave plenty of privacy from neighbors; the plant was his and he could do anything he wanted to it, including pissing on it. The dog even used this place as his regular tree. Weeks later his plant became the bushiest and strongest stemmed of

them all. We couldn't believe this, especially since this plant was so punished.

Was this plant the result of "healthy stress" the other plants didn't receive, or was this just a coincidence?

—Frank J.
Newport, N.J.

I think that your brother's treatment of the plant assured its healthy growth. By playing with the stem and bending it, he tore the fibers in the outer layer. The plant repairs these tears and strengthens the stem by producing new growth. This is similar to what happens when a brisk wind whips the plants.

The urine treatment supplied large amounts of nitrogen (N) which accounted for the plant's vigor and bushiness. The composition of urine varies according to diet but a typical rating for it is .5-.003-.003 (N-P-K). It also has many trace elements, hormones and enzymes. The N is available immediately in the form of urea of uric acid.

Urine, unlike feces, is generally considered free of pathogens and safe to use without processing.

Dear Ed,

I just finished my first crop. It was easy. My second crop will be ready in a couple of weeks. I have lost my patience with the smoke though. It just won't burn! You can pinch pieces of the herb and burn it in a one toke bong. A couple of small tokes and you're satisfied.

When it comes to rolling a joint, you better have plenty of matches. I've tried everything. Nothing worked. The reefer just seems to crystalize at the burning tip, and the smaller the joint gets, the worse it smokes. At times you have to cut off the burning tip and start again.

What can I do about this?

—Ramos
"The Florida Swamp-man"

Your poorly burning reefer is the result of one of two conditions. A lack of potassium (K) in the plant often causes poor burning in tobacco. For good burning qualities high K is recommended.

The other problem could be in drying. Grass which is dried too slowly never seems to burn properly. Plants drying for

ASK ED

BY ED ROSENTHAL



● **BUD OF THE MONTH** This is our answer to CAMP (Completely Absurd Marijuana Politics). The bud pictured is the main cola from one of 23 females under a single 1000 watt metal halide system.

Our only regret is that we smoked them all faster than we could grow our next crop. This time we're trying cloning.

more than 10 days are most affected. To increase the dry rate, raise the temperature and lower humidity by increasing air venting. If the outdoors is too humid, use a dehumidifier.

Dear Ed,

Can you sprout plants in midsummer and have them flower in the fall or do they need a full season?

—G.F.

Las Cruces, N.M

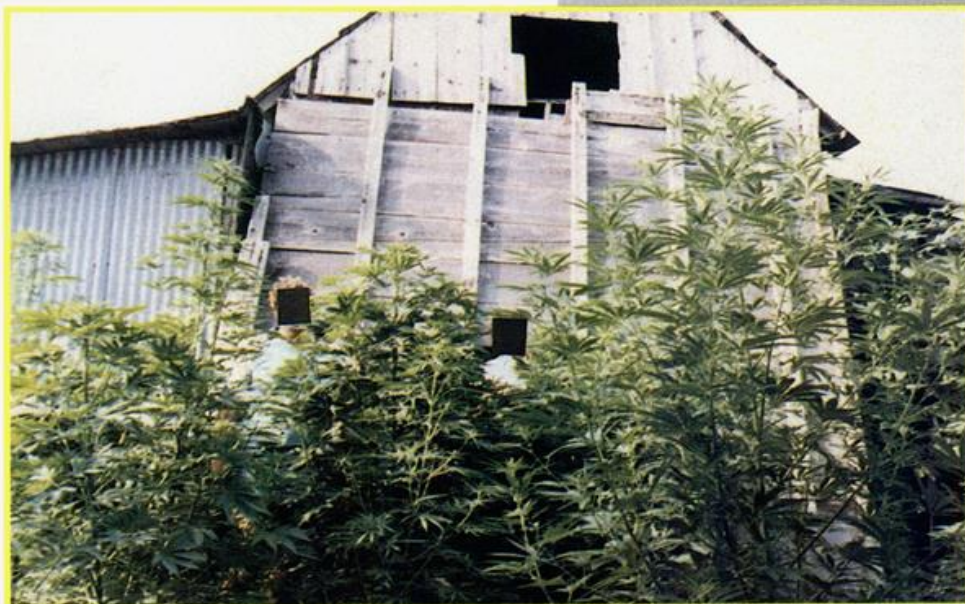
Plants can be sprouted mid-season. They start flowering just a little later than they usually do but they ripen at the normal time. Of course they do not grow as big as they would if they had a full season to grow. I have seen small Afghani-sativa hybrids transplanted outdoors between July 1-25 and they produced substantial budding on five to six foot plants. Plants which are started later will be smaller and may have smaller buds but they can be planted closer together.

Late blooming plants can be started even later because they do not go into the flowering stage until later in the season.

continued on page 74



● **PLANT OF THE MONTH**



● **GARDEN OF THE MONTH** These plants were grown in the Chicagoland area. The plants are from an Afghanistan strain that were hybridized on The Big Island of Hawaii.

THE

Privacy, controlled conditions, and legal protections make growing pot indoors the cultivation wave of the future.

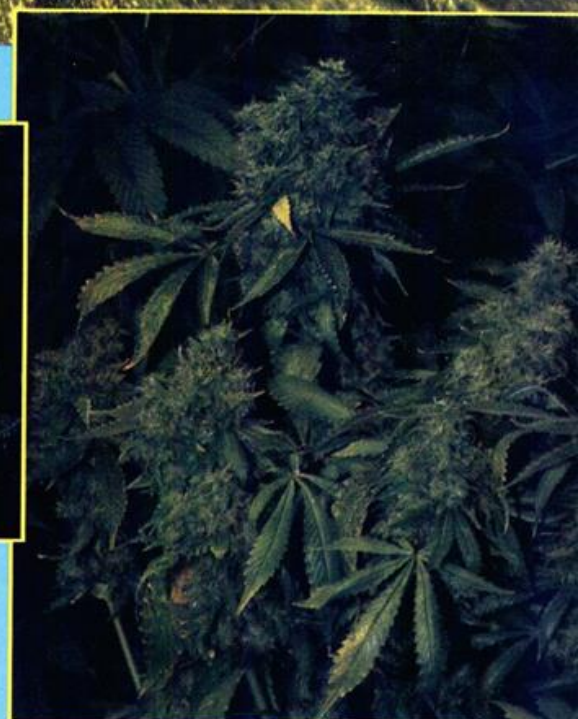
GROWING INDOORS IS SAFE!



● Beautiful young flower bud under a halide.



● Rooted clone was taken ten days ago.



● Healthy indoor garden that produces over 50 pounds a year.

GREAT INDOORS

BY JORGE CERVANTES

● THIS IS THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF articles written by Jorge Cervantes, author of the bestselling *Indoor Marijuana Horticulture* known by many as the Bible of indoor growing. The series will detail just about anything the novice or experienced indoor grower could want to know. Everything from air to zinc, hertz to harvest, from tools to transplanting will be outlined in this new series. Stay tuned for the hi-lights from "The Great Indoors."

"I'm going to vote Yes on Measure #5 this November," said Juan as he escorted Ronnie downstairs.

"You mean the Oregon Marijuana Initiative (OMI) that allows people to grow their own private stash legally? The bottom would fall out of the market! It would be just like Black Tuesday when the stock market crashed starting the Great Depression. Who would you sell your crop to then?" said Ronnie with a smug smile.

"You stupid fucker" Juan snapped back. "Sure the price will drop when OMI passes in November, but we can start a seed company and set up everybody in the state with their own indoor grow room."

"Well, I'd like to see where you're coming from," said Ronnie, still a little shocked at Juan's outrage.

"Voilà!" marveled Juan as he flung open the basement garden's door.

"This is quite an operation you have here," said Ronnie as he gawked at

the basement stocked wall to wall with plants in all stages of development. The underground marijuana factory was just waking up under a canopy of 1000 watt halides and HP sodium High Intensity Discharge (HID) lamps.

"You know a funny thing about this factory?" asked Juan in a serious tone. "Even if the cops could find this place, they would probably break the law getting in the front door and after that, they would not find that much smoke. I never have over a couple of pounds on hand at any one time, but I produce over 50 pounds a year!"

"Every day I take a few clones and every day I harvest a few ripe females weighing two-three ounces each. This daily harvest is cured, packaged and quickly sold in quarter-pound to pound lots." Juan paused for a moment to re-light his resinous joint and continued: "Large stockpiles of this kickass weed do not exist. Tracking marijuana sales using conventional NARC and NERD methods are impossible. The cops spot outdoor pot patches by air or stop large shipments of smoke at natural bottlenecks. No bottlenecks exist for large volumes of indoor smoke because there never are any large quantities. The biggest sale I've ever made was for three pounds."

Towns in northern California have been hard hit by the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP) and most recently torrential late winter rains and floods. Many are moving or just quit

growing outdoors, citing stress as the number one reason for their action. The concept is very simple: CAMPers and the local heat find the marijuana, usually from the air. They cooperate to destroy the cache of plants. The major CAMP operations take place in known marijuana-growing areas: northern California and southern Oregon. The most important locations for the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) are where the ditch weed grows wild in the Midwest. A guerilla grower living in one of these "hot" areas runs a much higher risk of not harvesting a garden than indoor growers.

"If the cops and the rip-offs don't get you, the rain will," choked Steve as he pointed to the bottom of the ravine where his hillside garden wound up. I'm moving to the suburbs to a house with a big basement. The kids love the country, but it is just too tough to make ends meet out here under the 'Hueys' (helicopters).

Some indoor growing tips:

Do not grow outside and inside at the same time. If you are ripped off or the cops come to take your outdoor plants, the perpetrators may try to find more stashed inside.

Bad places to grow are garages and barns. There is a different attitude when it comes to entering a barn or a garage. People do not look at it as breaking and entering, but rather trespassing, i.e. hardly breaking the law.

Be inconspicuous. Attract little or no attention. Blend into the background. Look and act "normal"—as defined by your neighbors. Make sure no signs of the indoor garden show outside the house: light leaks, soil, pots, stripped plants, hose, any traces of gardening. Keep your yard and grounds clean.

The police cannot use the electricity bill as a sole grounds for a search warrant. Just because your electricity consumption is higher than your neighbor's does not mean you are doing anything illegal.

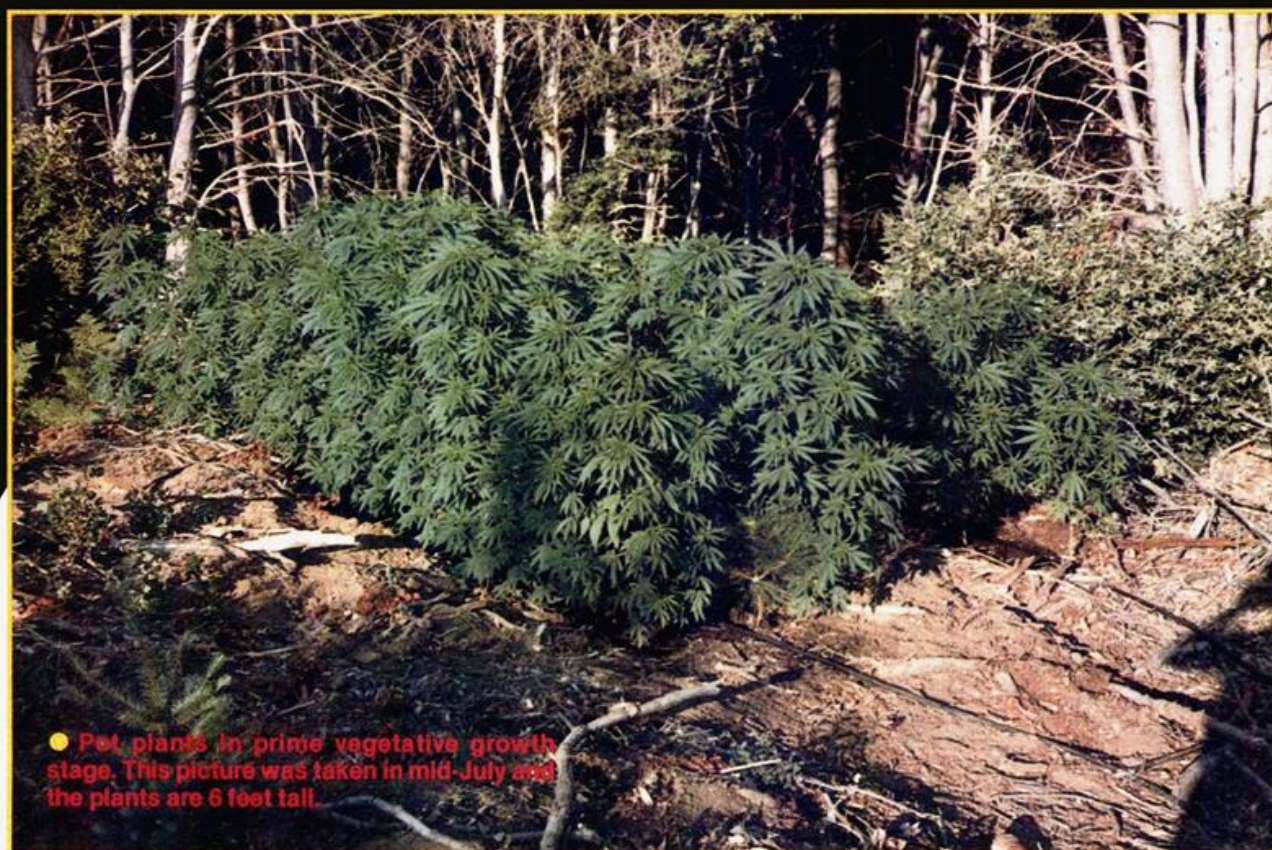
As long as the marijuana grown is not sold to a narc, or shown to a squealer, there is no reason for any suspicion or paranoia.

Children have friends come over to the house to play and hang out. Children (and even adults) love to impress their friends. If your daddy had a super cool garden in the basement, your friends would be very impressed.

Visiting friends could cause tension around the house. One couple tells their kids about the garden. They also tell the kids not to talk about it with their friends. This simple rule will help avoid sneaky attacks by inquisitive kids. Another alternative is to lock the garden in the basement and not mention it to the kids. Just tell them that the garden or whatever it is

continued on page 77

SUMMER AND S



● Pot plants in prime vegetative growth stage. This picture was taken in mid-July and the plants are 6 feet tall.



● Plants show pre-budding growth. They are vigorous and healthy. Within weeks they will start sexing and flowering.



● Close-up of the plants with shadow picture of yours truly.

MOKE

BY HOMER GROWN

• 1986 BY HOMER GROWN AND ED ROSENTHAL

The last transplants were in the ground by the first week of July. Then I just had to maintain the patches—see that the plants got adequate amounts of water and nutrients for the next months.

I spent my spare time looking for more new places to grow in. Because I have demanding requirements I don't find a lot of spots. But looking at the places in the summer rather than the winter is a smart move because the sun's angle changes throughout the year. You can see exactly what the light and water are like in those places during the growing season. Make sure to check the places in the fall, to see what light and water are like then.

This is a busy time, driving as many as 75 miles between patches. Then I use one of my three stashed motorcycles to get closer to the garden. Hopefully it's all routine work, checking out the irrigation lines, looking for signs of human presence. I am careful not to leave any signs myself.

By the middle of the month I knew that this was going to be a really dry year. In one patch which I ran in 1984 I found a pond that was able to supply all the plants. But by the middle of the month it was obvious that the pond would not have enough water to irrigate all of the plants at one time. I split the irrigation line in two. Each part watered half the garden. This way there was no danger that the hose would lose its siphon, but I had to visit the garden twice as often to switch the irrigation lines. This increased my risk of being spotted or noticed by locals.

For the most part the excitement is in watching the plants grow. Every day the plants put on inches and bushed out. From small one-two foot girls they had become four-six foot adolescents. Although I pruned the plants vigorously at the beginning of the month, cutting the six footers back to four feet, the plants continued to develop vigorously. I pruned some plants as many as three times but quit cutting them back at the end of July as they began to develop flowers. Some of the sativas developed flowers much later and could be trimmed until late August. ●

ANALYSIS

continued from page 27

from their easy cruises back and forth to Mexico. It resulted in the first major 'drought,' the drought of '70, immortalized in underground newspapers and cartoons of the period.

By this time there was big money in smuggling, and it wasn't long before Jamaica's long overlooked pot harvest soon had purchasers and, surprisingly, easy access to the States. But it only lasted a year. The Feds, who soon caught on, got their bureaucratic machinery in motion and by 1972 had instituted a "project Buccaneer" designed to close off the Windward Straits from passage by boats from Jamaica to the U.S. As suddenly as the Jamaican flow had started, it stopped.

The stage was now set for Colombian pot, which dominated the U.S. market for the next ten years and was probably the most smoked pot ever. The origins of Colombian cultivation are shrouded in mystery. Unlike Jamaica and Mexico, it seems to have no antecedent for its sudden appearance. There is no mention of it in recent histories of the country, and older histories and documentaries, while frequently mentioning coca and other local highs, make no reference to it. If this is true, and Colombian pot was the product of a deliberate cultivation program during the early '70s, Johnny Potseed had a profound effect on Feds and heads alike.

The first trickle of Colombian pot began to appear in Florida during late 1971. By mid-1972 a small colony of dealers had relocated to Miami. Colombian pot was not only available, it was so much stronger than anything Mexico had to offer that it soon replaced Mexican as the pot of choice among smokers.

Mexican pot died on the vine. Even though the Mexican border barricades had been more or less lifted, no one cared. No one bought it. So dead did the Mexican supply route become that during the mid-'70s, 1976-78 in particular, Mexican pot was almost impossible to come by, and special excursions had to be made to secure some for the pictures that appeared of Mexican pot during those years at HIGH TIMES.

It was during these years that all the oddball pots came down the pike. The biggest esoteric by far was Thai weed, first arriving in stick form, later in loose bales or bundles. Surprisingly, Thai pot still weathers the pressure put on it and arrives haphazardly, once or twice a year, in huge loads. A lot of this credit goes to the notoriously corrupt Thai government. Lesser esoterics included weeds from Peru, Chile, Belize (formerly British Honduras), Australia, India, Lebanon and elsewhere.

But Colombian was king. From "mother ship" freighters that hung off the Florida coast to the creaky DC-3s that could barely make the flight, Colombian glutted the national stash from 1972 to 1982. It continued almost unabated until the early '80s, when the Feds, along with help from the military and well placed bribes in Colombia, finally got a handle on it.

During the last two years Colombian has been squeezed out of the market, bringing us back to where it all started 20 years ago, at least in terms of the psychedelic revolution. Today Mexican pot is the most popular game in town, despite another huge border crackdown. The reason is that illegal aliens are bringing it across on their backs, a bale at a time, slowly but surely, avoiding the well-policed border crossings.

So now, oddly enough, it's all back where it started. Mexican pot is easy to get, though not so cheap, and anything else is hard to find and expensive. The Feds have proven they can contain borders, at least in terms of shutting down massive deliveries. Eventually they will succeed in closing down the Mexican push that is going on now.

This will in all likelihood be a blessing. For years pot market watchers have predicted a huge burst of domestic growing, and while the number of sinsemilla farmers in the U.S. has increased geometrically during that time, it has not approached the projections. Now, with the crackdown on the Mexican border (the last foreign import supply line that seems open), the prices on imports will soar while the demand for U.S. homegrown increases. Within the next few years there will be a revolution among U.S. growers.

NEXT: THE FUTURE OF
SINSEMILLA



GREGORY HERBERT

came out of the bedroom, and Miriam plodded kitchenwards, scraping her flip-flop sandals on the floor. She did not look at us as she passed. She did not approve of *narcotráfico*.

'Looks OK to me,' said Harvey. He took out a small Stanley knife with a retractable blade, and began to dice up some of the cocaine on the table. He cursed when grains of crystal jumped away from the blade. I saw that his hands were trembling. He fashioned a small pile of coke into thin lines. Manolo unhooked a coke-spoon from a silver neck-chain under his shirt, but Harvey shook his head—'Uh-uh'—and took out a crisp \$100 bill. He rolled it neatly into a thin pipe. 'I take it Wonder Warthog style,' he chuckled. The imminent pleasure of the cocaine-hit was sweeping aside all his grumbles and paranoias, clearing his mind like a runway for take-off. He hunched over the table and hoovered up a line through the bill with a single deep snort. He winced a little and jerked his head back. His nose stuck up like a shark's fin. He emitted a long, slow hiss of pleasure, as if the cocaine had gone in like a spike and let out all the stale air in him. He opened his eyes but kept staring up at the ceiling. 'Nice,' he sighed, 'nice,' then 'Hmmm,' and an odd, girlish giggle. He bent back down to repeat the procedure via the other nostril, then pressed some leftover dust off the melamine table-top, and massaged it into his gums.

He handed me the little pipe. I took a hit, rather smaller than Harvey's. I felt my nostril scorch, my mouth freeze, my veins hum all the way down to my feet. I had tasted coke before, but this felt lethal. Simple case of motor stimulation, I reminded myself. Heart racing, adrenal secretions, everything hastening to some unknown crescendo. Purely pharmaceutical, of course. Not *really* on a

big dipper at all. Not falling, not flying, not swooping through the room like a white owl over a dark field.

My hand was waving the rolled-up bill at Julio. He shook his head. 'I'm thinking of getting some sleep tonight.' Manolo also declined it. Instead he stuck his coke-spoon straight into the *muestra*, and sniffed up two level spoonfuls with a practised, haughty movement, like a coffee-house fop taking snuff. Harvey lit a cigarette with trembling hands. The smoke eddied under the light. His face had a sheen, a chilly polish. He looked like he had a gum-shield in his mouth.

'Pheeee-ew!' he went. 'White line fever!' I felt the first bitter tang of mucus coming down the back of my throat, and Miriam came in with a trayful of *tintos*.

★ ★ ★

It must have been about three in the morning when Manolo at last came back with 'the deal'. It was in a big cardboard box tied up with packing-string. Harvey's eyes were out on stalks by now. He was chain-smoking and jiggling his knees up and down under the table. He had seen off the rest of the *muestra* more or less single-handed, with rum and coffee on the side. He had talked till he was hoarse and now he was apparently trying to grind all the enamel off his teeth. I had urged caution, but Manolo's *coco* was the first nice thing that had happened to him in Colombia and, deal or no deal, he was going to savour it.

The box was on the table, Manolo's jewelled fingers resting on it. 'So this is it, huh?' said Harvey, with a pitiful, lockjawed attempt at a smile. 'Let's take a look.' He moved to take the box, but Manolo's pressure on it hardened.

'La plata?' he said politely.

Harvey sat back. 'The silver?' he said, with a baffled, half-focused stare at Manolo. He knew the word because he had bought a silver ring from a hawker at the Pan-American.

'He means the money, Harvey,' I hissed. 'He wants to see the colour of your money.'

The money—a good touch—was in the smaller, flimsier suitcase, the tartan zip-up rather than the stouter Revelation piece. Harvey fumbled up the top section—shirts, socks, sponge-bag—and there they were. Ten neat wads, so fresh you could almost smell the ink, each one containing fifty \$100 bills.

'There she blows, man! Fifty grand. Five kilos at nine apiece makes forty-five, and five over for the boat.'

I stored these figures away and later worked on them. Harvey's man would sell on his merchandise pretty quickly, but he would almost certainly 'step

on' it a little before he did so. Even if he only put a light hit on it—turned 5 kilos of pure into 7 or 8 of adulterated—he still stood to clear, I reckoned, something approaching \$200,000. Not a bad margin from one fairly modest run, with someone else doing all the sweating.

The stakes are high, but it is all or nothing, and right now his investment was on a fulcrum between the two. Harvey held open the tartan money-bag, Manolo nursed the box of cocaine. Like swapping captured agents of a frontier, neither party wanted to be the first to surrender its bargaining piece.

The money had straightened Harvey up. 'I want to check the stuff he's brought,' he said.

'Quiere verlo.'

Manolo shrugged and smiled. He took a thin, black-handled switch-blade from his back pocket, held it thoughtfully in his delicate fingers. The blade sprang out like a snake's tongue. He cut the string around the carton and sliced down the adhesive tape along the top flaps. Inside were folds of sacking, and under them the kilo bags, polythene, each about the size of a small pillow. 'Which one?' he asked. Harvey shrugged. Manolo tossed one of the bags on to the table and nicked a slit in it to expose the cocaine inside. Harvey took some on to his knife and, as before, he poked and sifted, tasted and tested, and finally snorted some of the specimen, frowning all the while with concentration. He said nothing.

We waited in the silence, the smoke, the hot, stale air of the small hours cloying with the rank smell of fruit. Manolo inspected his fingernails, wrinkled his brow, a study in quiet confidence. I wished fervently I was somewhere else, not in this stuffy little room with two knives sitting on the table.

Harvey had digested his hit. He said softly, 'You goddam little creep!' Manolo, still attending to his manicure, raised an inquiring eyebrow at me. I felt Julio stiffen beside me.

Harvey's voice was low and fierce. 'Tell him, Charlie. Tell him this shit's been stepped on so hard it's flat as a fucking frisbee.'

'God, Harvey, are you sure?'

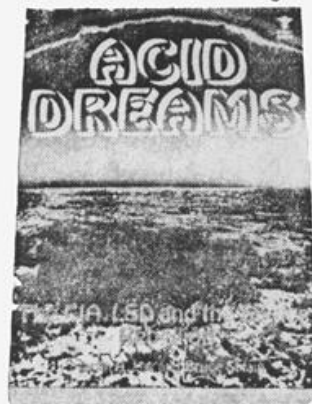
'Sure I'm sure. Looks different, tastes different. It's the oldest trick in the book, the beginner's rip-off. They hit you with a sample of heavy and sell you a crock of shit while you're flying. You tell him, man.'

I told Manolo, as if he didn't know, that Harvey did not like the *coco*. He stiffened into an exaggerated air of surprise and regret, shoulders up in a shrug, eyebrows up towards the brilliantined hairline, can this be true *señor*? He actually said nothing.



continued over

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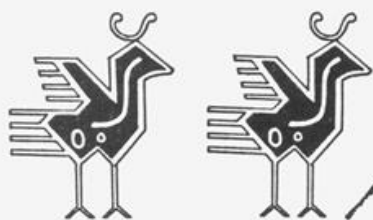
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continued from previous page



GREGORY HERBERT

'Tell him it's crap, Charlie.'

'No, no,' said Manolo. 'It's real good *perica*, very pure.'

'Ask him if it's the same stuff as before.'

Manolo chose his words with care. 'No. It is not the same. It is better!' I groaned inwardly. He can go on lying all night, I thought. I hardly had the heart to tell Harvey of this latest pitch. 'The very best,' Manolo urged. 'Fresh in from Bucaramanga tonight.'

Harvey was looking very bad now. His face was white as paper and wet with sweat. His cigarette, one of Julio's untipped Pielrojas, was falling apart as he smoked it. He began to rock up and down, spitting flakes of tobacco off his lips and saying, 'Oh no! Oh no!' He turned straight to Manolo and said two of his few words of Spanish: '*No quiero*.' I do not want it.

'Si' said Manolo steelily. 'It is all agreed.' They glared at one another across the table.

It was at this moment of impasse that things began to get seriously out of control. Out of the silence, with just a faint rustle of warning, came a sudden loud knock at the street door. Harvey leapt up, a gargle of fear in his throat. 'It's the cops!' he shouted. 'It's a fucking burn!' Julio and Manolo were both up too. Julio shot a questioning look at Manolo, Manolo shook his head. Briskly they began clearing away the cocaine. There was more knocking and a muffled shout. 'No way, man!' cried Harvey. He grabbed the tartan case and, holding it under his arm, blundered past me into the back-yard. I called after him, but he raced down to the end, pushing aside my hammock, looking for a way out. Seeing none, he made a flying leap on to the hen-house and began to scale the end wall. The hen-house promptly collapsed, with much indignant squawking from within. 'Oh Jesus, God, please,' Harvey wailed. He now started scrambling up the side wall by the kitchen door, but the guard dog on the neighbour's roof came snarling and snapping at him from the other side of the parapet. I had heard it many times but never seen it before—it was a sleek black alsatian, and this was the first piece of action it had seen in months. Harvey let go with a yelp and crashed back down, splintering wood and scattering feathers. He lurched across to the other wall. He jumped to grab the top of it and screamed in pain as his hands closed over a serried line of broken

glass, put there for some such occasion as this. He crumpled back into the hen-house and lay still, whimpering faintly, clutching his money-bag to him like a teddy bear.

'Tell him to shut up,' said Julio. They had stowed the drugs in Julio's bedroom. The Fruit Palace was just a room full of smoke and rum glasses: a quiet evening among friends. He went to the door and called, 'Who is it?' A voice answered from the other side. Julio swore softly, and called back to us to relax. He unbolted the door and a very drunken negro swayed in. It was the old *guacharacero* who had been playing down at the Pan-American.

'What the hell do you want, Jo-jo?'

'Breakfast,' said the old-timer, and tacked across to a table.

★ ★ ★

Soon there came a sudden dawn, and then it was Sunday morning in Santa Marta, another hot day on the way. Julio told Manolo to push off, and in accordance with some imperceptible Samario pecking-order, Manolo meekly left with his carton of low-grade *coco*. Miriam washed the chicken shit off Harvey's face and shirt, cleaned up his bleeding hands and bandaged them with strips of cloth. Jo-jo fell asleep at a table, his head on his forearms, his hat still on. There were two *papagallo* feathers in his hat-band, one blue, one orange.

Julio mixed us a morning-after *jugo*—papaya, lemon-water and crushed ice. It was always a pleasure to watch him at work. Even after this night of fiasco he attended to it with the same casual, tender care, choosing just the right fruit from the glass-fronted case, chopping and shredding, assiduously observing as he blended it up in the antique Kenwood with Art Deco fluting round the base. In a trance-like calm Harvey paid us our fees. Struck with pity and remorse I made to refuse, but Julio swiftly reminded me of monies owed for food and board.

The last I saw of Harvey was when I put him in a taxi on the beach-drag. He was going to the airport, going home. His immediate task, unenviable and unprofitable, was carrying \$50,000 back into the United States—not actually illegal, but prone to awkward questions. Then there was the music to face in New York. But as he sank back into the taxi, I could see that just being in a car, even in a jalopy like this, was making him feel better already. Whatever the music back in New York, it would be better than Colombia's crazy syncopations. We made to shake hands, but he winced and drew back his bandaged hand.

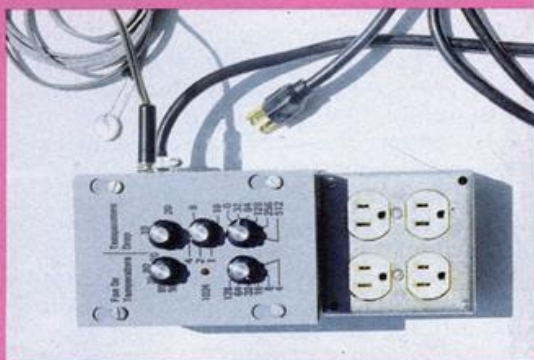
'Sorry it didn't work out, Harvey.'

'That's showbiz,' said Captain Cocaine. The taxi moved off, and I walked on down to the French Corner for some breakfast. ●



COOL SUNNIN'

● "Simply the place to be," claims **Summerset Village** in Negril, Jamaica, and we couldn't agree more (see p. 48 for more about Negril itself, a once quiet fishing village cum tourist paradise). At Summerset Village, located in Negril's west end cliff area, fourteen cottages and bungalows surround a freshwater pool. Prefer the ocean? Summerset Village is a mere 300 yards from the Caribbean, and 2½ miles from Negril Beach. All rooms come complete with ceiling fans and hammocks, kitchen facilities and utensils, and daily maid service to make your stay as laid back as possible. For more information, contact Vacation Network (800) 423-4095 or write or call Summerset Village, PO Box 4, Negril, Jamaica, West Indies, (809) 957-4409. ●

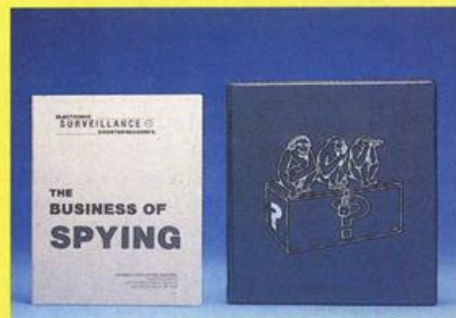


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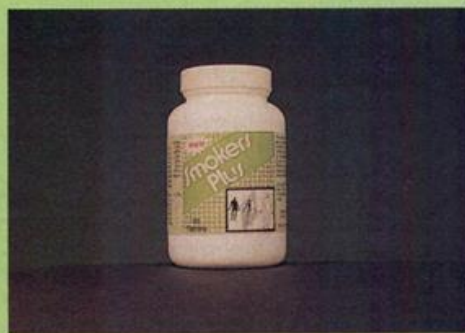
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The Cure

continued from page 59

to. Lynch's message was plain; there could be no misunderstanding. And the Whale knew why the finger of suspicion pointed towards him.

Three days ago a special investigator for the DEA and a narcotics detective named Pappas from Manhattan South visited him. Not in the inmate visiting area, but in the cubicles reserved for private attorney visits.

When the guard called the Whale for the visit, he neglected to specify it was the police who awaited him, not an attorney. The Whale proceeded to the cubicle unaware. He stayed long enough to hear their offer. They wanted him to supply information about Lynch. In return all pending charges would be dismissed. He could hit the Street. Anyway, the Whale had not snitched. He told them both to go get dildoes. But the damage had been done.

Even though the interview had lasted only six minutes, word had gotten out among the guards that the big white resident from Four Block had talked to the police. Passage of time transformed rumor into indisputable fact. Subsequently, the next day, Morales heard the story. Then, of course, Lynch was telephoned. Lynch probably expected to hear the knock on his door at any moment.

The Whale figured this out in the space of two heartbeats and decided to proceed true:

"Listen, Morales...I want you to tell Lynch I had a visit from the DEA..."

Morales was silent.

"...that I told 'em to fuck off. Will you tell him that?"

"Okay, Yessie. I tell Lynch what you say."

"Be sure, man. And by the way, have you got my medicine?"

As a reply a small, rolled-up plastic bag emerged through one of the vent holes.

"I hope this is better than the garbage you brought last time," the Whale said as he carefully extracted the bag. "Well, is it?"

No answer.

"Morales, I axed you a question..."

Morales was gone.

The Whale dismissed the Rican from his thoughts and weighed the bag speculatively in his open hand. At least three grams went into his pocket.

He felt better already. Having the cure in his possession engendered a feeling of security that also brought about subtle biochemical events. In anticipation of soon veining his medicine, by the mechanism of self-hypnosis, a deluge of endorphin metabolites flooded his sick body, bringing transient relief from the nausea, chills and weakness. Classic Placebo Effect.

The Whale walked to the front of the cell and angled a small mirror through the bars, which enabled him to see peripheral blind spots on the gallery. No one was there.

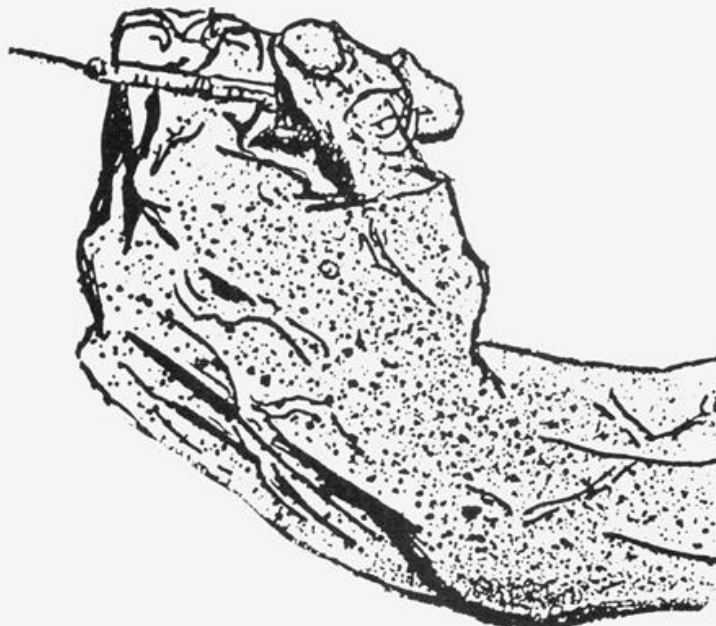
A paper garbage bag rested on the floor. He moved over to it, squatted, and sifted through the refuse until he found the leather eyeglass case. On Rikers, garbage bags were perfect repositories for contraband, as the guards refused to search through snot rags, candy wrappers and squashed roach cadavers.

The Whale placed the case on top of the cell's stationary metal table and opened it lovingly. It contained a complete set of works: two, one c.c. insulin syringes, an eyedropper, and three hypodermic needles of various gauges and their filament-thin cleaning

wires. Also inside was a plug of cotton and a metal bottle-cap cooker, which he removed and positioned on the tabletop.

He walked to the sink and hit the water button, filling a jail-issue metal cup. Returning to the front of the cell, he set the cup by the cooker.

From his pocket he retrieved the drug bag. It was a small polyethylene lock-top which bore no brand-name. That was unusual.



JAMES ROMBERGER

Up until now all the skag the Whale received from Morales had been packaged in glassine bags: ten dime bags to a bundle, each containing about five matchheads of powder, each bag individually stamped with a brand-name. They were reputable brands like Double D from over the Williamsburg Bridge in Brooklyn; or Poison, which was emblazoned with an artful grim reaper device and sold on Rivington Street; or La Tuna, Alphabet City's best; or that *choco fawn* dope, Red Star...all quality stuff. Never had the Whale received a single, brandless bag. But, he reasoned, the bag which he now held in his hand contained gram-weight, and grams were not advertised like the dimes of street commerce. Therefore, the bag lacked a name. And the quality of heroin found in grams was usually, if not always, superior to dimes. That he knew for sure.

For the first time in days the Whale smiled, his dark eyes slits under the puffy epicanthal folds.

Now to test the powder. He peeled back the cellophane tape on the bag and cracked it open. He tongued his pinkie and stuck the moist finger into the bag and returned it to his mouth, tasting a mote of the powder. It was very bitter, either hit heavy with quinine or exceedingly pure.

By nature the Whale was a suspicious fellow, cautious when it came to dosage. Bitterness, he knew, mandated caution. He decided on a relatively minimal first dose, even though he wanted to shoot maximum.

Powder was tapped from the bag into the bottle-cap cooker. A small white mound arose. From the cup he drew a half c.c. of water into the needleless syringe and squirted it into the cooker. Matches were lit. The

continued on page 72

Grove Press

continued from page 24

Getty capital had made a big difference at Grove; back debts were paid off, a new catalogue was printed and distributed, and promotional activities were pumped up. As a result, Grove sales for the first four months of 1986 were almost double the total of 1985's.

Still, Rossett had sold Grove under terms that provided that he would continue to guide the company with the same editorial policy—"sex and politics"—that had kept Grove abreast of the alternative-publishing scene for 35 years. Grove introduced Americans to classic contemporary European literature with Samuel Beckett, Jean Genet and Berthold Brecht; revolutionized American obscenity law with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*; and pioneered the cutting edge of magazine publishing in the 1960s with the *Evergreen Review*.

Now suddenly in the middle of the '80s Rossett was told he was being demoted to "senior editor," with no real control over Grove operations. He immediately offered to buy back the company for \$4.5 million, but was told Grove was not for sale.

Lord Weidenfeld allowed that the reason for this abrupt shift was "to allow Rossett the freedom to concentrate on 'risky' avant-garde publishing." Yet Rossett's entire fall lineup of books was rejected: books attacking white racism in South Africa, exposing Reagan Administration myths about Cuba, and an Israeli novel with a pro-Arab slant. Weidenfeld insisted that censorship was the last thing on His Lordship's mind, naturally. This did not convince dozens of Grove's authors, agents and other interested parties, who notified the Fleet Street trash czar that they would walk out of Grove Press permanently unless Rossett was reinstated.

In May this year, Rossett filed suit against Lord Weidenfeld and Ann Getty, charging breach of contract, nonpayment of funds, and fraudulently inducing a sale. As this issue of *HIGH TIMES* went to press the suit was still being scheduled for preliminary hearings, and the fate of America's greatest underground press was still undetermined. Those who have seen Barney Rossett challenge the status quo at every level for the last 35 years are betting on the street-savvy publisher to win this latest battle as well. ●

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cooker was held over the flame by its bobby pin handle and soon the water started to boil, dissolving the powder. He set the cooker down. He rolled a stub of cotton into a little ball between two unwashed fingers—the filter, for impurities—and placed it inside the cooker. After fixing his favorite #26 gauge hypodermic needle onto the syringe, he drew the solution up through the cotton. Now loaded, the syringe was placed gently on the tabletop. The Whale took another look outside on the gallery.

The coast was clear. All systems go.

His leather belt made a sound like an escaping snake as he yanked it through the loops of his size 48 jail pants. He seated himself on the cell's stationary metal stool and wrapped the belt around his right arm above the elbow. He pulled it tight until the pit-vein stood in bold relief.

He picked up the syringe.

Every level of the Great White Whale's animal awareness focused lustfully on that moment; every ampere of what remained of his depleted energy was rallied; the torpid air inside his cramped cell now seemed suddenly charged with ions; the very fabric of Einsteinian space-time seemed to contract and pause, awaiting another kind of Big Bang.

In an arclike trajectory the loaded syringe descended towards its blue target. Then, abruptly, an inch before impact, the missile froze in midair.

The Whale appeared to be perplexed, as though some whale-thought of the utmost significance had surfaced. His rheumy eyes gazed up towards the top bunk.

"Hey, Shotgun! Wake up!"

Shotgun slept on.

The Whale gently placed the warm gun on the tabletop, stood, and shook the supine black man. Shotgun awoke with surprising rapidity to ask, "What's up, big man?"

The Whale gestured with fat fingers at the syringe and cooker. "You wanna taste?"

"That dope, man?" asked Shotgun.

"Yeah," said the Whale. "The best. Thailand White."

Shotgun didn't hesitate. In one fluid motion he vaulted from the top bunk and landed upright with a shit-eating, slam-dunk, spade grin.

The Whale picked up the syringe and did some fast calculating and squirted nearly half of the solution back into the cooker.

He handed the syringe to Shotgun.

Without preamble, Shotgun sat on the stationary

stool, wrapped and tightened the belt, and proceeded to probe his ebony arm for a suitable vein.

The Whale sat opposite on the bottom bunk, in position to watch his face—especially the eyes.

Through years of observation, the Whale had learned the subtleties of pupil contraction and dilation. He would be able to accurately approximate the potency of the narcotic by the rate in which the man's pupils contracted into pinpoints. Quality heroin pinned the pupils rapidly. The stronger the heroin the more rapid the contraction.

Shotgun got his hit. A tendril of crimson blood spiraled upwards into the clear liquid within the syringe. Without hesitation Shotgun pushed the plunger, forcing all of the solution into his vein.

The Whale watched intently.

Shotgun's pupils did not pin. Contrary to expectations, his pupils instantly expanded to their maximum size as his back, shoulders and neck went rigid. The expression on his black face—now ash-grey—was ghastly, eyes bulging. His arms flew up over his head like some "Soul Train" disco dancer, fingers madly grasping thin air. His legs shot straight out, causing him to fall backwards from the stool and smash his head on the concrete floor with a sickening thud. Down on the floor for perhaps five seconds the body heaved and convulsed. Then, as quickly as it had begun, it was over. Arms and legs were bent in impossible ragdoll positions; sightless eyes stared towards the toilet; the syringe remained embedded obscenely in the ebony arm.

Hotshot.

Throughout the drama, the Whale sat on the bottom bunk in a state of frozen disbelief, unable to move. He had witnessed many an OD in his time but never a hotshot. Never had he seen firsthand the insidious effects, the impersonal finality, like a terrorist's bomb triggered from afar.

No sense taking Shotgun's vital signs—the nigger's dead, he thought.

Little doubt existed in his mind for whom the shot had been intended. It all fell into perspective. The Visit. Lynch. Morales. And with realization came dark, adrenal anger, anger which could be quelled only in payback. He thought of the dealer he had surprised in the alleyway...the gasp of recognition...his own slow smile...the deafening shotgun blast...

But payback would come later. His main concern now was now. The failed attempt did not signal an end to his danger. Quite the contrary. Knowing Lynch as he did, the Whale felt certain he would redouble his efforts, using a fellow resident to deliver the bed-spring, shank in his back, or perhaps an iron mop wringer dropped from the top tier, or maybe powdered glass in the mystery meat. So much could happen in Gladiator School, as Rikers was known.

And now, for sure, he was destined to kick cold. He faced weeks of protracted agony without his medicine.

The cop's proposal flashed through his brain synapse like lights on a hotwired pinball machine. If he snitched they would do him right...Witness protection program...New credentials...The West Coast...Good skag, Mexican Brown...The slate wiped clean...clean...clean...

The Whale could move fast when he wanted. He kicked a dead arm out of his way and lunged up to the bars. "Guard. GUARD! COME HERE! EMERGENCY! CELL THIRTY-SIX!...GUAARRDD!!! ●

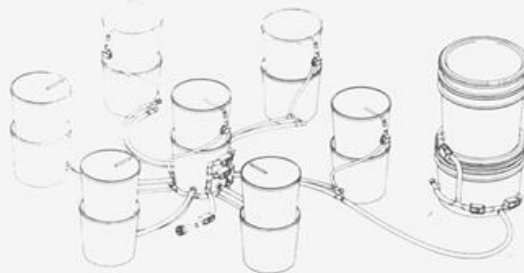
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A S K E D

continued from page 61

Dear Ed,

I have some indica plants which are six feet tall with colas 6-8 inches long and solid. They're white with crystals. My friend who has the same variety indoors has already had one harvest off his plants and the plants are budding again and look healthy. After he clipped them he gave them constant light for ten days. How would mine do if I clipped them now and let them keep growing without constant light?

—Joe

Rochester, New York

If your plants are ripe, harvest the buds now. There will be regrowth until the weather stops the plant. In most areas of the country plants have time for only one harvest since cold weather stops growth and freezes kill the plant. However, in warmer areas the plants can be left growing and may produce a smaller second harvest.

Dear Ed,

I read Farmer in the Sky's article on UV-B in the Feb. '86 HIGH TIMES and would like to interject an observation about the use of this light in the indoor garden.

Indoor growers who are planning to use UV-B lights should also plan to introduce odor control technology into the growing environment at the same time, especially if they are growing plants of Afghani/indica heritage.

Plants grown under metal halide lamps without UV-B have very little odor as opposed to those grown with ultra-violet. The UV-B brings out the skunk smell of the aromatic terpenes.

Dope produced under UV-B is extremely odiferous during growth, harvest, storage and smoking. UV-B smoke is thicker and deceptively smooth; it's known to cause uncontrollable coughing in the uninitiated. However, the high seems to be no more intense than non-UV-B pot.

Unless you have money for a lot of odor control technology, it might be best to steer clear of UV-B if your growing situation puts you in close proximity to other human beings. You can still grow excellent reefer without UV-B, it just won't smell as strong.

—The Underground Railroad
Middle Tennessee

Thanks for your tip, Underground. By the way, an inexpensive way to eliminate odors is by using a negative ion generator. The negative ions precipitate the positively charged particles in the air. Among these are the odiferous molecules associated with cannabis.

Dear Ed,

Your correspondent, S.E., writing in the May, '86 "Ask Ed" column, complained about decreasing potency of a strain he had been using. This problem may be the result of the difficulty of selecting males for breeding.

I select males for breeding purposes on the basis of which male has the most capitate stalked trichomes per leaf area. If you're highly selective in choosing breeding stock, your next generation should be fantastic.

—Rick,
U.S.A.

Thanks for your tip.

Dear Ed,

I planted some seeds in my greenhouse in late June. It's now late August, the plants are beginning to flower and they are hitting the ceiling of the structure.

My questions: Will the plants cease vertical growth as they flower? Will they have time to finish up or are they starting to flower too late?

—Daniel

Moline, Illinois

The plants continue to grow as they flower, about two feet. Rather than clipping the budding parts from the plant, try bending the branches so that they run horizontally rather than vertically. This is done most easily by using a strong vertical stake in the ground with several horizontal slats which form crosses. The plants' stem and branches are tied to the stake.

Another idea is to bend the entire plant down and then tie it to a tent stake secured in the ground. I have also seen stems bent at 90 (degrees) and then held up by a stake so that they do not break at the pinched spot.

The plants should be finished flowering in about six weeks, by mid-October. They should have no problem finishing up in a greenhouse at that time. You might try using a heater to keep the temperature in the mid-70's to reduce the risk of mold.

Dear Ed,

Would it be possible to trigger the flowering response of marijuana with let's say, a 32 hour cycle, 18 hours of light, followed by 14 hours of darkness?

—Anonymous
U.S.A.

This is a very interesting question. I'm stumped. I have also thought of trying experiments altering the total daylight. For instance I was intrigued by the possibility of speeding bud development by altering the cycle to 12 hours of darkness, 8 hours of light, for a total daylight of 20 hours.

If anyone can answer these questions I'd like to hear from them.

continued over

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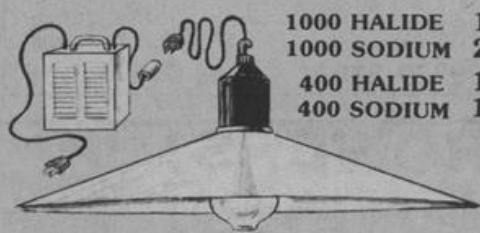
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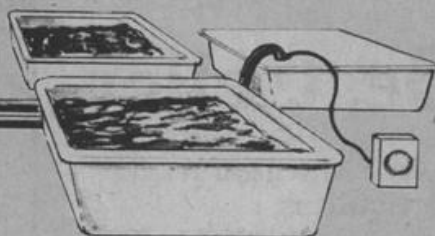
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ASKED

Dear Ed,

I am growing nine plants in a 4' x 4' x 6' garden under a 400 watt metal halide lamp. The room has vent and air circulation fans, plus a small oil lamp for CO₂ enrichment. I use all organic fertilizers.

The plants are six weeks old, 2½ feet tall, growing in three-gallon containers, and all are doing fantastic. The only thing I can't figure out is why six of the plants are starting to get female flowers on the primary stems next to the stipules. I still have the lights on for 18 hours a day.

Should I change to a high-pressure sodium lamp and cut down to 12 hours or should I keep the light at 18 hours until the plants are bigger?

—Gene S.
Illinois

It is normal for some varieties of plants to indicate sex before the light regimen is changed to increase length of darkness each day.

Ruderalis indicates a few weeks after germination regardless of light cycle. Non-equatorial sativas are also likely to indicate. Some afghanis indicate when the light cycle is reduced just a little.

The "Minnesota Weed" is the newsletter of the state branch of NORML ably administered by Ollie Steinberg. It has all sorts of interesting information and news items as well as varied features of interest to cannabinoid-heads everywhere. For your subscription send \$15 to NORML, P.O.B. 8011, St. Paul, Minnesota 55108

Jack Herer is a marijuana activist who worked for law reform first in California and is presently working for the Oregon Marijuana Initiative. In his spare time he wrote a book about marijuana, its history and the marijuana laws and their history. "The Emperor Wears No Clothes" is an enlightening look at the whole situation. It is extremely readable. You will find yourself reading the entire text with interruptions only for food and convenience.

• I welcome tips, comments and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month Contest. If your letter or photo is used in the column you will receive a free copy of my book, **Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor Greenhouse Edition**. Send all correspondence to "Ask Ed," High Times, 211 E. 43rd St., New York, NY 10017.

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GREAT INDOORS

continued from page 63

that you keep behind the locked door is not their concern. However, this could cause garden maintenance problems and trouble around the home.

Hanging over 20 1000-watt HID lights at one location requires more electricity than most city dwellings and small farms can use without completely revamping the incoming electrical service. Most indoor gardeners use only two-three 1000-watt HID lamps. Very large gardens, those with over twelve 1000-watt HID lamps, will attract some attention.

These simple natural decentralization factors spread out the supply and disperse locations of the underground marijuana factories. Consequently, more mom-and-pop growers are able to enter the market successfully. They are able to grow a few pounds every year and sell the stash to friends or friends of friends through a single agent. There is no way the cops can track down and destroy all of the budding cannabis factories that are right under their feet!

Smugglers support flotillas of speed boats, yachts and fishing boats, foreign residences for airstrips, and air forces. In short, the drug smuggling business is capital intensive. Cops catch smugglers when they are moving and selling the shipment or when they spend the money. Only a few people have enough cash or the desire to buy large quantities of weed. The cops claim they have a fair idea of who those people are. Indoor growers associate with few "big money" types and do not run the same risks when they sell a pound.

Cops are not the only ones who have a difficult time putting a finger on indoor gardens. Organized crime has found it impossible. Organized crime finds the indoor scene unappealing—there's no large quantities of either weed or money.

Remember when the only time there was a lot of pot on the market was during November/January? When the rest of the year it was bone dry except for a few overpriced imports? Then the cops would find out who was in charge of distributing the weed and the centralized distribution network was broken down. But when the supply and distribution are constant, from many different sources, the cops do not know where to start to slow down the overall traffic.

East Coast tokers would love to have a constant supply of indoor marijuana like we do here on the West Coast. But they can not grow it fast enough! Most of the smoke gets consumed before it travels just a few miles past the grower's fence. They are stuck with cheap imports from Colombia, Jamaica, and with any luck at all, Thailand. Since there is usually only a quarter to a couple of pounds available at one time, there are no discounts for

pound lots. For example, imported marijuana is sold in bulk. The commodity has to be unloaded and sold quickly to minimize risk and to turn a profit for the investors. This scenario leads to pressure and occasional violence.

The only solution the U.S. tokers have is to grow more indoors!

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Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese,

NORML Chief Counsel.

HOW TO GET EXPERT TESTIMONY RE CULTIVATION

BY BILL LOGAN

The most often seen "expert" in cultivation cases is the local narc. This is often a poorly trained and ill-informed county or city cop who is allowed by the court to present his *opinion* on such things as whether or not you were growing the plants for your own use or for purposes of (later) sale, the expected yield of the crop and what the pot is "worth" on the market. This opinion may be based on what he or she was taught by other cops and may be shaded by the desire to convict you. After all, they busted you for the crime, and they want to see it stick.

The sources of information that the cops use to educate themselves also stink. Mostly they are taught by other cops who specialize in teaching cops, and are hired and paid by the same government who is prosecuting you. The current repressive campaign against marijuana was engineered and executed by the bosses who hired the trainers to teach the cops who testify against you. The other sources of information are snitches and people who are busted. Both of these types are likely to say what the cops want to hear, or what will help the crooks, not the truth. Many times a cop will admit that he or she has had only one or two conversations with busted growers and a few hours general training to become an "expert." Very rarely do cops read books or magazines about marijuana, and even less often do they get to interview "successful" growers or users of pot.

Some of the opinions I have heard in 13 years of law practice are outrageous. The California Department of Justice teaches lots of local cops that each, every, any, and all of the female sinsemilla plants grown anywhere will yield a pound of dry manicured bud, which will be worth from \$2,000 to \$4,500. In a case where 1013 plants were seized the cops somehow failed to consider in their estimate of yield and value that all but twenty plants were less than 1/16 inch in stem diameter and less than 12 inches tall, and that the whole mature crop weighed less than 100 pounds wet. I was hired by the attorneys in that case to

point out these apparent factors. The court and the prosecutor agreed that the defendant was at most guilty of misdemeanor possession of more than an ounce and he paid a small fine. Cops from the number two pot busting California county (behind only Humboldt County) testify that the value of a crop is determined by taking the weight of the growing pot and multiplying it by \$10 a gram, the "price of marijuana." This ignores the fact that green pot is 80% water and that the stems and leaf are not usually smoked. The way the cops do it makes 300 pounds of green, wet pot "worth" 1.362 million dollars, when the actual yield of buds from that project could be six pounds or less, according to the defense expert Ed Rosenthal. A quick jump from La Cosa Nostra to a backyard farmer. The defendant in that case was allowed to participate in the California Drug Diversion Program and was educated and rehabilitated instead of sent to jail for six months with a felony rap. She also kept her teaching credentials and continues to tutor disabled kids.

Let's suppose that the shit has hit the fan and your backyard Victory Garden has been busted by the cops. You get a knowledgeable lawyer to represent you and he or she files all the possible motions that can be deemed to be appropriate and within the budget. The time soon arrives when the case will be heard in court and the biggest problem of any marijuana case surfaces: how to convince the judge or jury that you are right in your theory of the case. Are you totally innocent or just not as guilty as they say, or should you have the case dismissed because the cops violated your rights so much that the judge thinks that "justice" will be served if you go free?

Most people who get caught up in the criminal justice system do not realize that their lawyer has a limited role in *proving* that the legal and factual points raised in the motions or at trial should be accepted by the court. All the legal issues you may have are resolved on the facts in the case. Often lawyers don't know enough about the specialized area of marijuana cultivation and use to be a witness for you, and anyway it's considered unethical for your lawyer to be a witness in your case.

You need help from an expert witness for the defense. The main purpose of a defense expert is to present an accurate interpretation of and assess proper significance to the evidence.

Prosecutors, judges, and juries are ignorant of the truth about patterns of cultivation and use of marijuana, both commercial and personal. What may be known facts to you or your lawyer may seem like star wars stuff to the jury unless some qualified, credible witness can educate them.


The normal scenario in courts across the land involves the prosecutor calling the cops as witnesses and your lawyer trying through cross examination to get them to be honest about what they found. Getting the cops to be *helpful* in their conclusions and opinions is much more difficult. That is where the defense can call an expert witness to assist the trier of fact in reaching the conclusions that will help you.

An expert witness differs from a percipient witness in that the expert need not have any personal knowledge about the facts that led to the bust. Experts can look at the case and form opinions about the ultimate issues in the case based on the evidence and on their training and expertise. To be an expert one need only have training and experience that will allow them to know more than the trier of fact on the particular issue, and to be able to assist the trier of fact in the resolution of those issues. The expert need not know everything about the issue, just more than the judge or jury. The persuasiveness of the expert (the weight given to his or her testimony) is another thing altogether, and left totally to the determination of the court or jury. This is called the relative convincing force of the testimony. That is why you need a good lawyer and a good witness.

The prosecution experts routinely ignore basic botanical principles in forming their opinions about marijuana cultivation. Anyone who has grown any plants (pot or not) is aware of the damage that rodents, insects and animals do to the unprotected garden. Does a guerilla grower with no fencing around the garden, no wire cages for the rats and mice, no gopher or insect protection expect to harvest in September all the

continued from page 87

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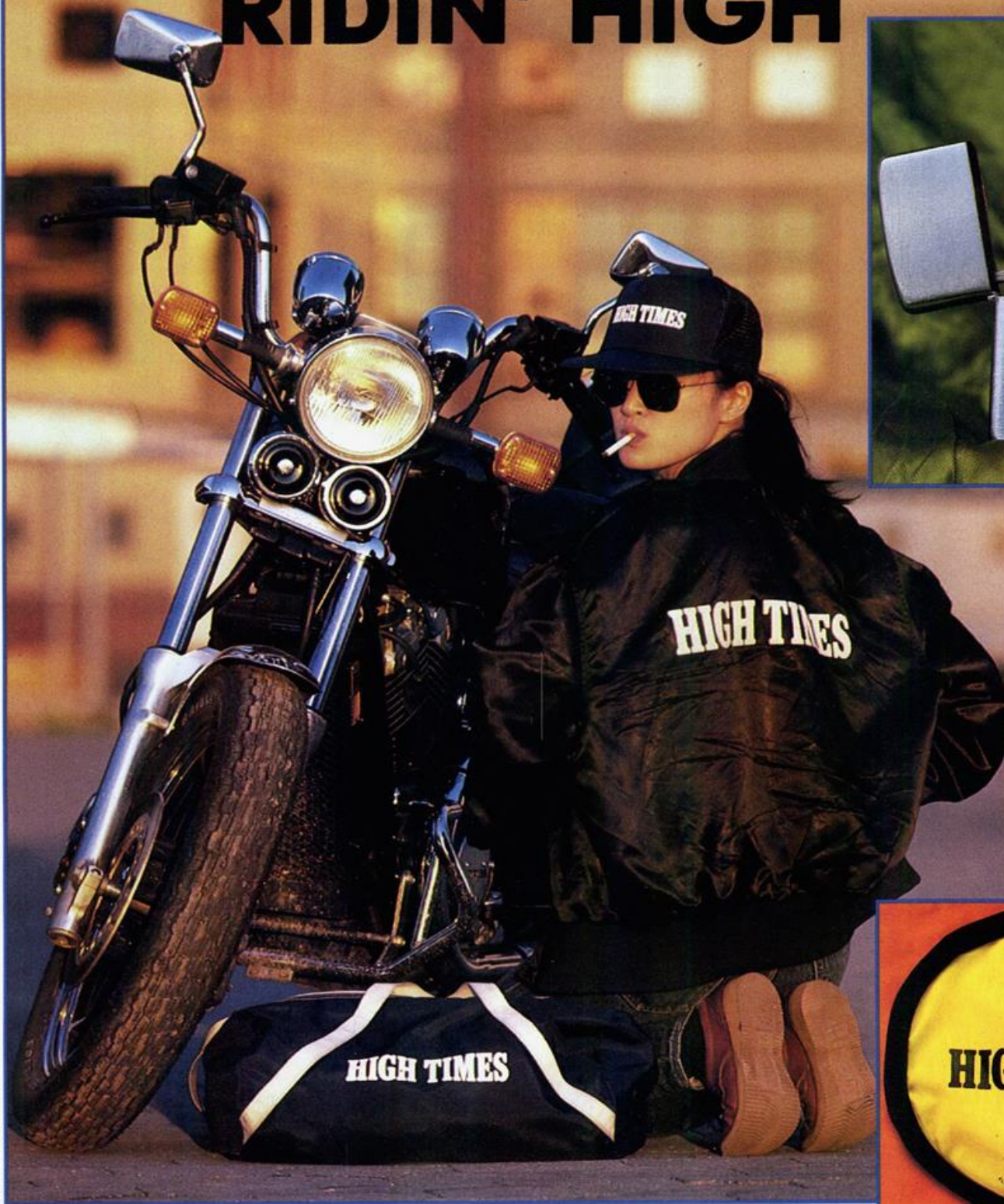
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1. I dunno, take your pick.

Which name does more to offend the banal tranquility of your summer cerebral vegetation, *Scraping Foetus Off the Wheel* or the **Butthole Surfers**? The Buttholes have the advantage of being gratuitously filthy: squalor without any pretension to redemptive meaning. I mean, like what the hell is a Butthole Surfer?

The Butts also have yet another brilliantly ugly new album tastefully titled **Rembrandt Pussyhorse** (*Touch and Go*). It's their most approachable disc to date, an almost melodic, almost consonant

MONICA DEE





canvas of sonic debris. As always, the band sounds like it mixed bad acid with bad cough syrup before entering the studio, and emerged with a cruel nightmare of rhythm and noise. The centerpiece is a cover version of the Guess Who's "American Woman," which vocalist (you can't really call him a singer) Gibby chants through a bullhorn over a pounding drum pattern and a guitar that feeds back like Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner." If this sounds awful, it is. It's also awfully great.

2. Another fine piece of vinyl that gives you less for your record-buying dollar is the **Masters of the Beat** compilation (*Tommy Boy*). As the name suggests, this is a collection of beats—no Buttholian obscurantism here—compiled by the most streetwise beat producers in New York: Keith LeBlanc of the Fats Comet Crew, the Latin Rascals (Arthur Baker's editors), and Rick Rubin (LL Cool J and Run-D.M.C.'s producer). Each artist gives a little more than just a beat, making this

the hardcore tackhead instrumental album that the Art of Noise resolutely refuses to deliver. Best is Rubin's tortuous "Dust Cloud," a savage collage that plods along at an almost unbearable 74 beats per minute. That's a little faster than your second hand, if you're wondering.

3. The Pogues, *Rum, Sodomy & the Lash* (MCA). Finally available in this country, the Pogues' bastardized Irish folk music is nothing if not deliciously impure. Trashing standards and drunkenly staggering through originals, the Pogues are a winning antidote to the reverence with which too many folkified new American bands treat their roots. Also check their new *Poguetry in Motion*.

4. Die Kreuzen, *October File* (*Touch and Go*). This Milwaukee quartet is one of America's most underrated punk bands, and perhaps the last doing anything meaningful from a trash base. Sitting somewhere between speedcore and speed metal, Die

● BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Kreuzen avoids the clichéd pitfalls of each, spitting out killer guitar riffs and changing tempos like nobody's business. There's a whole generation of musicians who grew up only listening to each other and therefore sounding exactly the same, but who really learned to play their instruments in the process. Die Kreuzen is expanding this discipline into some crunching rock and roll.

5. Joe Pop-O-Pie, *Joe's Third Record* (*Subterranean*). On his first two records, Joe offered punk desecrations of the Grateful Dead's "Truckin'." For the third he digs into "Sugar Magnolia." This is addled satire at its best—well, not really at its best, but you get the idea. It's funny when you're in the mood.

HIGH FIVES INFO:

Touch and Go, Box 433, Dearborn, MI 48121

Tommy Boy, 1747 First Ave., NYC 10128

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was going to hit around 1 or 1:30.

Sure enough, at 1:30 we got a second night that fell heavier than the first—welcome to the New and Improved Nuclear Winter.

About that time the novelty was wearing off. It seemed like we'd just had two days and two nightfalls and here it was only two in the afternoon. We had no money, no patience and a ferocious buzz-on. Just in time, Pam appeared. (Pam had starred in Air Jay's film of the making of a documentary of the making of a film about Francis Farmer.) She looked really prepared. It was getting cold outside and Pam was wearing a down jacket with a wrap-around motorcycle helmet. It occurred to us we might freeze before we were buried.

"Wanna go for a ride?" yelled Air Jay while giving Pam an electric hug.

"You're crazy," came the chorus from the couch.

"Seriously!" said Air Jay.

"Seriously," I whispered in my conspiratorial acid voice. "Are you thinking about getting out of here?"

"Let's see what we can do," said Air Jay.

"I'll go," said Pam, who had already guessed we were tripping. "You guys need someone to take care of you."

We'd heard from the radio that the ash, much of which was fine as talcum powder, was badly clogging unprotected automobile engines. We improvised a plastic bag shield in front of the Volvo grill to keep the engine from gumming up.

"All right, here we go!" yelled Air Jay. A cheer went up from the couch.

"Shut up," said Tom, who was watching a golf game on TV. The sports announcer whispered: "Looks like a bit of a breeze there...might bump the ball..."

"We're off!" we cried, but had no idea where.

Ellensburg was beyond "ghost town". We didn't look much better—helmet and Air Jay's "longrider" hat and cowboy kerchiefs—and it all felt like an F.D.R. after-the-bomb alternate universe. The streets were deserted except for a few inexplicably hardy souls walking around, dazed, drunk probably, who couldn't find their way home from the water tower party. A car pulled out in front of us and we had to stop—the ash kicked into the air became a hanging shroud that took several minutes to clear before we could be sure we weren't going to plow into something. About that time, the temperature gauge went haywire. We were exactly ten blocks from the house. Accompanying that little red needle came a sickening pop and the sound of spewing steam.

continued over

C A S E

continued from page 80

plants that are in the ground in June? The police seem to think so. Anyone who expects to grow sinsemilla will have to do something about the male plants, and if the bust comes before the plants sex, you would expect to reduce the number of plants that will make it to market (or your stash jar) by half or more. Not the cops. Planter boxes of three inch tall starts are counted with the 12 foot tall mature sativas in the garden next door.

Another fruitful use of a defense expert in a cultivation case is to establish factually that some of the gardens aren't really yours, the "finger print garden" defense. Since most growers feel in their hearts that they alone possess the skill and knowledge to grow the best pot, they tend strongly to uniformity in method. Cops regularly bust all the gardens in any particular area and try to hang them all on the one person unlucky enough to get caught, irrespective of the watering system or property boundaries or even common sense. One Humboldt County case went from 800 plus plants to the sixteen or so that the defendant was really responsible for by using this type of expert analysis. Defense experts are necessary to establish the lack of compliance with statutes that allow destruction of the bulk of the seized pot and the retention of only samples and secondary evidence of the plants (such as pictures and testimony). The samples retained must be random and representative to allow the defense to adequately present their case. An expert is needed to show how the defendant has been prejudiced by the destruction. "Random" and "representative" are words with a precise legal meaning that is usually beyond the ken of the local police. Dr. David Cragie, professor of biometrics at Humboldt State University, has written a book on it.

Experts were used in some of the older litigation in the pot wars used to demonstrate that *Cannabis sativa* L. is not the same plant as *Cannabis indica*. Since the law only says *Sativa* is illegal, well then, my plants must be okay. Sorry. The court found that the opinions of the experts differed and chose to believe that if it walks like the duck, quacks like the duck, and gets you high, it's pot. This was the "species defense", an unfortunate example of an unsuccessful nice try.

The most commonly overlooked expert in a cultivation case is the investigator who goes to the scene of the bust and looks at the lay of the land and what is left over from the cops having been there. I have never had a thorough and competent field investigation that has not yielded at least some juicy cross examination. Once it yielded a pile of freshly "eradicated" eight foot tall Indica/Sativa

crosses that had not been transported to the Department of Justice funeral pyre at the time of the raid. The plants were eventually destroyed by fire as the cops had intended, but a joint at a time. Occasionally the cops are so hurried or stupid or lazy that they will make grave errors in the field that can be demonstrated in court, and we win the case outright. Cops who testified under oath that they had followed a buried water hose one-half mile to the house occupied by the defendant didn't understand the nature of the oath they took or the possibility of Defense Investigator Wes Juliana going to the scene a few days later and following the still buried hose to the true source of the water supply to the garden. It was certainly not the same one that fed the house (since water doesn't flow uphill by itself), and the excellent photographs that Wes had taken convinced the D.A. to be quite reasonable in the disposition of the matter.

There are few cultivation cases that will not benefit from the use of an expert witness for the defense in some area of the case. The courts should be made to acknowledge that the backyard farmer with the Victory Garden deserves to be treated differently than the commercial grower. The defense expert may be the last hope in a case to persuade the court to be fair and reasonable. ●

Bill Logan is a practicing attorney in northern California. He is also called upon by other attorneys to function as an expert witness for the defense.



● Way back in December 1985, we published two photos of an outstanding light tracking system in the article "Performing a Balancing Act with Lights" by Jorge Cervantes. However, we did not mention the manufacturer: Evergreen Halide, in Vancouver, Washington (206) 256-4901.

And...the drawings of the light balancers on the next page in the same articles were a bit jumbled. The *Whirly Gig* was labeled as the *Enhancer* and visa versa. The *Whirly Gig* is available from Homegrown Halide, Tacoma, Washington (206) 531-9641. The *Enhancer* is available from J.C.I.G.S., Portland, Oregon (503) 771-6804.

● In the June '86 issue, on page 64, we got a couple of captions under the wrong photos. We must make amends for calling the Hydrofarm™ manufactured by Applied Hydroponics a "mini greenhouse" and vice versa. Also, a photograph of the Gromatic hydroponic system from Salem Halide was mislabeled as being from Aqua Culture.

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continued from previous page



JONATHAN ROSEN

"DAMMIT! The engine's overheated!" Air Jay coaxed the Volvo back to the house, where we opened the hood and found a punctured radiator. Either a stone had caught it before and it was so small it didn't matter, or the sheer pressure of the superheated water punched a hole through the rusting grill.

"That's it," said Air Jay. "We ain't goin' nowhere."

"You're back!" said everybody on the couch with an obvious lack of surprise as we shook off the ash at the door. "What's it like out there?"

"Dead City," said Air Jay. "Nobody out there. Can't drive in the stuff, it's like driving into a wall of fog. And we've got a broken radiator so we couldn't get out of here if we wanted to."

"So have some spaghetti, and relax," said Tom from the kitchen. There seemed little else to do. Once again now in the late afternoon, the mood seemed to be lightening along with the sky. We were on the downside of Mr. Bill, the world outside turned yellow again, the sound of cows from earlier could be heard again. At least they'd been outside in it all day, we reasoned, and they weren't dead yet. We figured we'd be okay if we just stayed inside. Then in another hour or so, it started getting dark again, our third nightfall that day, and we realized this time it was due to natural causes.

Things looked much better the next morning, of course. The ground was covered in several inches of ash, but the skies were, if not entirely clear, at least tolerable gray. We were no longer up against a wall of fog. We took the car out again, found some radiator sealant that worked well enough to get us out of Ellensburg and into the mountains, beyond the perimeter of ashfall.

That afternoon we were in a reststop near the Denny Creek campground when a convoy of National Guard trucks pulled in. They'd come from Yakima, they said.

"What was it like there?" we asked them. "We were in Ellensburg."

"Oh man," they laughed, "it was whole lot more bizarre over in Yakima."

Air Jay and I exchanged glances. Wanna bet? ●

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RUSHES



● Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette get heavy in *8 Million Ways to Die*.

BY JIM POLING

8 MILLION WAYS TO DIE opens with Jeff Bridges hovering in a helicopter over some smoggy metropolis. He says, "Ah, there are eight million stories in that naked city. Remember that show?" Nobody bothers to remind him that he's in Los Angeles and the Naked City was New York, but considering that he's playing an alcoholic ex-cop who has trouble remembering his own name, he can be forgiven for getting his old TV shows screwed up. It's a movie about cocaine seen through the eyes of a drunk and it has an appropriately stoned fuzziness about it. It's like some sort of paranoid hallucination. After it's over it's hard to recall what you've just seen although you remember liking parts of it. Bridges' cop, we are told, has turned to booze as a recourse for getting bumped

off the squad, drifting from detox to detox. When Bridges passes out in a stupor so does the movie. Coming to, we're not sure who's supposed to be left in the cold: him or the audience. We're constantly asking ourselves if we've missed something, but when he's mysteriously invited to a Beverly Hills whorehouse and apparent strangers greet him like good friends, it's a comfort to know we're not the only ones who are confused. Of the two hookers he meets, one is disposed of quickly and the other, Rosanna Arquette, hasn't much to do other than look alternately petulant and terrified. Her dealer boyfriend, on the other hand, is hilarious, as played by Andy Garcia. He takes Al Pacino's cocaine-crazed **SCARFACE** one step further and makes one of the appealing

screen villains in years. It's also nice to see a movie where both the good guys and the bad guys are cowardly and stupid. Their showdown in an empty garage is a shambles dissolving into a chaotic free-for-all of name calling, nervous threats and aimless shooting and slapping. "Fuck you." Slap. "Well fuck you, too." Slap slap. "Fuckin' all of you shutup." It's just short of The Three Stooges but it works. It's an easy movie to like and the amorality is harmless but there's no excuse for a wretched lovers-on-the-beach clincher assuring us that both Bridges and Arquette are habit-free due to the redemption of love. Flee for the exits when you see the waves and you won't feel cheated. ●



ALTERNATIVE VIDEO CHARTS

• **The Girl On a Motorcycle** (*Monterey Home Video*). The BARBARELLA of motorcycle movies. Unfortunately a lot of the time it masquerades as a French art film but at least has the good sense to exploit the sex, the absurd psychedelic dream sequences and the recurring shots of naked star Marianne Faithful zipping herself into a skin-tight leather jump suit.

• **Blonde Death** A sort of TAMMY AND THE PSYCHO. A bubble-gum blonde falls for an escaped con and they can't keep themselves from having fun on a California murder spree. A great cheap thrill from EZTV, a Hollywood video gallery also responsible for THEY SAVED GIDGET'S BRAIN and HOW TO AVOID RELATIONSHIPS.

• **Re-Animator** (*Vestron Video*). The kind of movie George Romero's been trying to make for fifteen years. It's a comic-strip gore film allegedly based on H.P. Lovecraft, but that dreary writer couldn't possibly have inspired such ingenious uses for cranium saws. It's sick and horny highlight: a lip-smacking mad scientist literally gives head to a nubile and bound victim.

• **Who'll Stop the Rain?** After heroin is smuggled from Vietnam to the suburbs of California, its unwilling recipient (book-clerk Tuesday Weld) is forced to dump her baby and head for the hills while being pursued by two greasy thugs who eat mayonnaise sandwiches. The best drug film, road film and action film of the 70s.

• **High School Confidential** (*NTA Video*). "What you are about to see is not pleasant" drones the narrator of this notorious jukebox expose of teen sex and drugs ("I didn't know you were a weedhead, Joey!"). Russ Tamblyn is the narc/j.d. whose insatiable aunt (Mamie Van Dooren) fills out her sweater with dirty innuendo. Hot stuff for 1958 and hilarious beat lingo.

—J.P.

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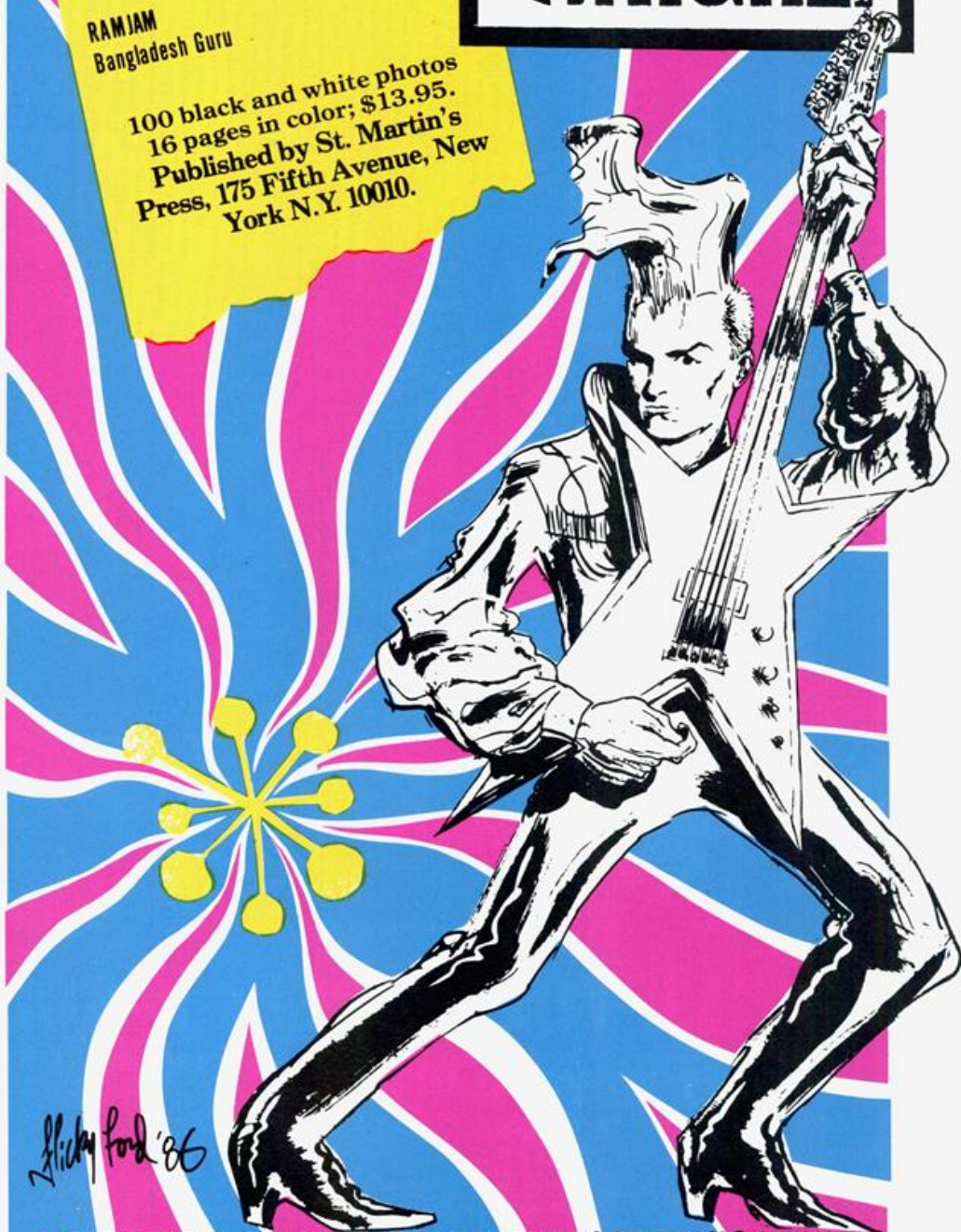
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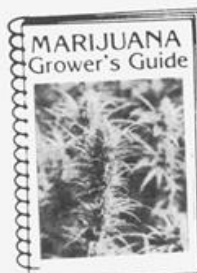
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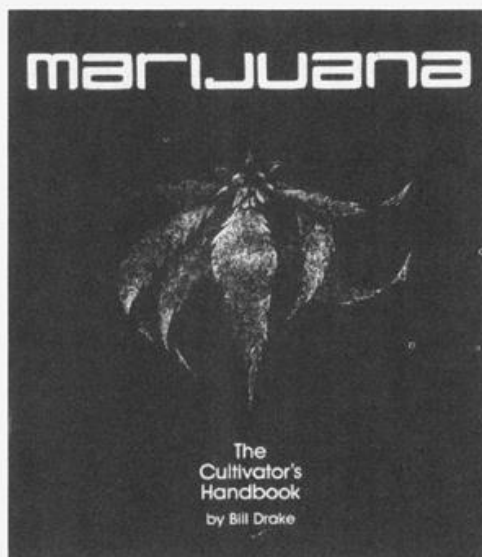
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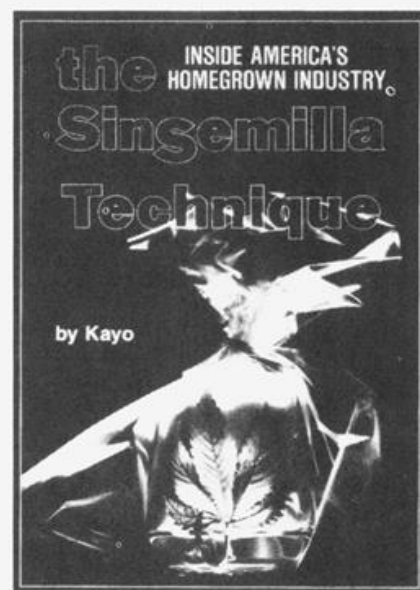
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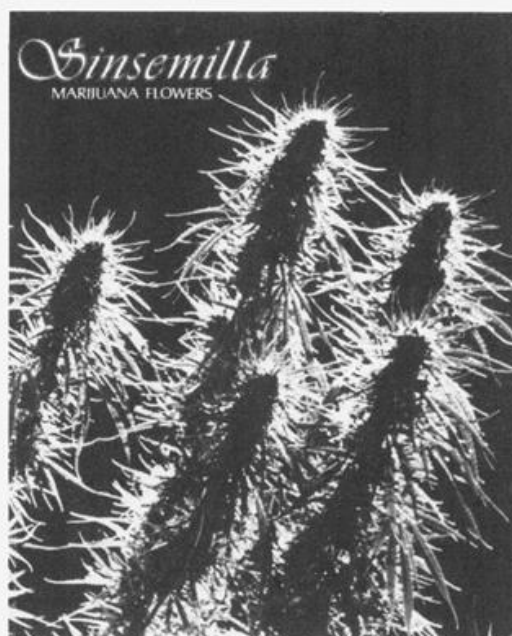
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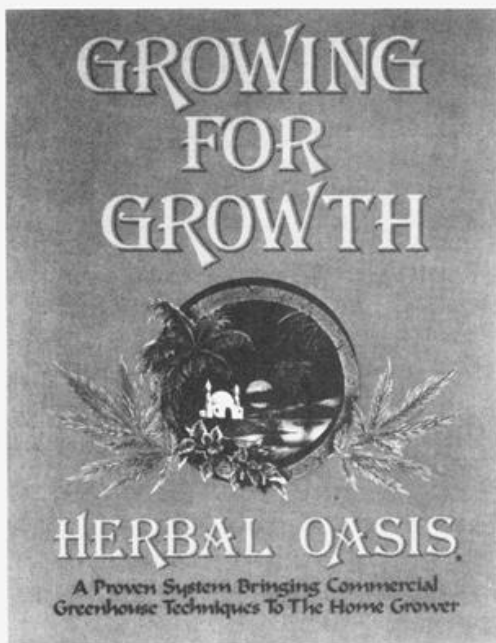
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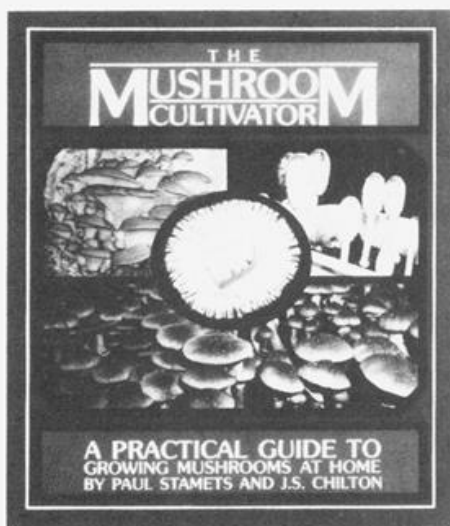
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THE MODERN PSYCHEDELIC SOUND

continued from page 36

And it's true: The Fleshtones were born to write teen movie soundtracks. Their best songs are insistently memorable, filled with imagery and emotion. The first of these was undoubtedly "THEME FROM THE VINDICATORS," which appears on their Upfront EP. In reality, "The Vindicators" is not the title of some '50s TV show, but a figment of Peter's demented imagination.

"It was like we were struggling against incredible odds at the time," he says, "and we just wanted to build this triumphant self-image. Just like rising out of the trench and having the enemy look through the smoke and say, 'My god! Not only are they still there, but they're going on the offensive!'"

And, believe it or not, folks, not only have they gone on the offensive, but the hydra's head has sprouted **FLESHMUTANTS!!**

Gordon was reputedly the first Fleshtone to form a spin-off group, the **ACTION COMBO**. "It's an eccentric rhythm and blues outfit that I front," says Gordon. "I sing and play harmonica and saxophone with whoever I choose for the line-up of the night."

Marek, meanwhile, leads the **TALL LONESOME PINES**, and plays something closer in sound to the Everly Brothers.

Peter's **LOVE DELEGATION**, on the other hand, has been described in press releases as an "eleven piece pop orchestra (combining) the energy of pop music with the glamour of cabaret." The Love Delegation has an eleven-track LP out on the Celluloid label and includes an incredible Barrence Whitfield on vocals, along with members from the Midnight Walkers and Corvairs.

Keith plays with the Love Delegation, but not to be outdone, he has a few spin-off groups of his own, including: **THE MAD VIOLETS**, **THE FULL-TIME MEN**, and the **WILD HYENAS**. The Mad Violets, whose **WORLD OF LSD EP** has just been released by Lolita Records, are probably the best known. The group is fronted by Wendy Wild ("The Mushroom Queen"), an infamous East Village performer for many years. Wendy started out at the now-legendary **CLUB 57** along with the likes of Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, Ann Magnuson and John Sex.

"Maybe the Fleshtones should have made records the same way the spin-off groups do," muses Peter. "Quick, cheap and casual." The Fleshtones have never been terribly successful at selling records, but their most recent live album has sold far better than their previous studio attempts, a fact that has the marketing bosses at IRS scratching their heads. The Fleshtones have always been ahead of their time. Could it be possible the rest of America is about to catch up? ●

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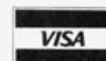
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